# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## THE SWISS MOTHER TO HER SON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"The mother of one of the soldiers of the Swiss Guard, has written to him, bidding him return to his home, and never to fight against a people struggling for liberty."—*Letter from Rome to the New Orleans Picayune.*

Back to thy boyhood's home, my son,
Back to thy native land,
Hark to the Alpine torrent's roar,
Gaze on its mountains grand.

Tread with the feet to freedom born,
Upon our own green hills,
Breathe yet again heroic air,
Till every heart-string thrills!

Stand in the rugged mountain-pass,
Where once thy sires fought,
Until thy soul grows high as theirs,
With noble memories fraught.

Think of the flowers at thy feet,
Encrimsoned by their blood,
To give to thee, and thine, the right
*Freely* to worship God.

*Then*, if thou canst forget the cause
For which they bled, and fell;
Forget the land of rock and flood,
Of Winkelreid and Tell—

Strike, if thou *canst*, with hireling sword,
Against a nation's heart;—
No, no, return, my Switzer son,
Remembering what thou art!

CLARA VON MOTCHIZISKER.

*Philadelphia.*

REPORT OF THE TWO SCOUTS.

## THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

### A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


### CHAPTER XVI.

The Rangers moved rapidly on, not along the main road, but south of it, over the same route that had been taken eight days before by Frank when guiding the Sanfords' escort, till they reached the spot where Mac Allan was at work "chinkin' an' daubin'," as he phrased it, at his cabin; that is, in English, filling up the gaps between the logs with stones and mud.

As the troop halted for a moment, the old man suspended his work, and came forward.

"How do, how do?" he exclaimed, cordially—you see we're a'most got into the house agin. They don't build their grand houses in Philadelphy this fast, do they, Capt'n?" he added, addressing Clayton.

"No, not quite," said he, dryly; "they generally take a good many times four days to get a house under roof, and then take a month or two after they've done, to finish it."

"But where are ye bound now?" said the old man, "for the city?"

"Not directly," said Clayton, and approaching Mac Allan, leaned down from his horse and whispered in his ear.

The latter shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't like that much," he muttered; "there's too many Tories about there, that knows the country enough sight better'n Mad Antony or any of his men. He'll find himself in a trap afore he knows it, if he don't look out."

"Well, I'm afraid thee's right," said Clayton; "but if there's any danger of that kind, we ought to be there to do what we can to help him through it, and the sooner and more quietly we get there, the better. Farewell."

"Good-bye," said Mac Allan, shaking hands with him and then with his sons, one after the other. "Now, boys," said he, addressing the latter, "you've all done well, so far; I want to hear a good report of you from the Capt'n, wherever you're at work. Don't let the old man hear anything about his boys that'll make him feel ashamed of 'em."

The troop now resumed its march, halting again at the spring near West Chester, which I described some chapters back, to water their horses; thence passing along a few hundred yards to the Southward of the Turk's Head tavern, where they did *not* stop, and crossing the Lancaster road about a mile East of it at the point now known as Gallows Hill, and then straight across the country, crossing Chester and Ridley Creeks, and threading their way through the thickly wooded country, until they reached the outposts of Wayne's division. The place where the force lay had been well chosen for concealment. It was deep in the woods, about two miles South-West of where the Paoli Tavern now stands, and was surrounded by hills. There was one narrow defile, the site of a disused road, which Clayton had marked as he approached, as the point from which danger was to be looked for. Still, the place was so secluded, that it would have been perfectly secure from discovery, had it not been for one or more treacherous hounds living near, who knew every defile and ravine in the neighborhood.

Halting his force near the outposts, Clayton rode forward alone until challenged by a sentinel; waiting here until the latter was relieved, he went in with the guard to the tent of the General, to whom he announced his errand and offered his services.

The latter, who had seen the conduct of the troop at Brandywine, and had heard of their daring foray into Knyphausen's camp, an exploit which, harebrained though it was, chimed exactly with his own adventurous spirit, received him gladly, as a most valuable assistant.

By the time their quarters had been assigned them and taken up, the sun was set, and the cool autumn twilight was coming on. The red flush had faded from the sky, and then the pale green shone through the broken cloud-masses like the distant meadows of the land of Beulah. Beautiful, with a most exquisite and tender beauty, is this pale, delicate green which spreads over the Western sky after the sun has fairly sunk from view, and before the dull gray through which the stars first come out, has crept over it. Few writers seem to have noticed it, and I have rarely seen a landscape, except some of Paul Weber's, in which the artist appears to have observed it at all.

It faded rapidly out, and soon the camp was in darkness, except for the light of their fires, and by ten o'clock all was silent.

Clayton had his own scouts on the look-out, in the defile he had marked, in addition to the regular sentries, and a little after midnight, as he lay asleep with his head resting on his saddle, he was aroused by a touch on his shoulder. Springing to his feet, broad awake in an instant, he saw Bettle standing before him.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"I've heard Sam Diller's whistle twice from the ravine yonder," said Bettle; "there it is again!" said he, as a long, clear, powerful whistle came from the ravine, followed by the quick, angry bark of a watch dog, as if the animal had been roused by some one passing. The latter noise was cut short suddenly, but the whistle sounded again, and then another from the same direction, a little to the right, and another and another from the left, somewhat nearer, and then all at once, as though a detachment of small locomotives had broken loose. "Off to Wayne's quarters at once and rouse him," said Clayton; "there's mischief a-foot. Leave me to rouse our men."

While Clayton was doing this, and before Bettle had passed half the distance to the General's tent, a shot was heard from the ravine, followed by three or four more in rapid succession, and the picket guards came running in at full speed, shouting "The British! The British!" followed closely by a column of infantry with fixed bayonets.

"Tell Wheeler to set his men and Bettle's, with the new hands, to saddle the horses; take to the trees with carbines, thee and Wetherill, with your men," said Clayton, speaking to Barton, who had joined him, in the sharp, rapid voice which men use when thoroughly in earnest, and pick the officers out wherever you can see them."

The order was instantly obeyed; Wheeler's and Bettle's men working rapidly but coolly among the horses, while the rest of the force scattered among the trees and opened a sharp, but irregular fire upon the advancing column with their carbines and the rifles of the Mac Allans.

"Forward! forward!" shouted the leader, as the head of the column wavered for an instant; "are you going to be stopped by a dozen bush-fighters? Put them up with the bayonet."

Twenty carbines cracked from as many different trees in answer, dropping some three or four of the men nearest him, but leaving him untouched. The column moved steadily forward with fixed bayonets, dislodging the Americans, who flitted from tree to tree, sometimes in front, sometimes on either flank of the attacking party, keeping up a brisk pattering fire, which, however, in the dim light, did but little execution.

In the meantime the silent bayonets were doing their work upon the surprised and half armed soldiers, who, in their panic, rushed, undressed, from their tents, in many instances, right upon them; many others were slain within the tents, pinned to the ground before they could rise.

The camp was full of half naked men, rushing distractedly hither and thither, seeking only to escape.

So far, the affair had been little but a massacre; but by this time Wayne had succeeded in rallying a few companies, and his voice was heard, "Ready—aim low—fire!" and a storm of balls flew over the Rangers, who being between Wayne's men and the enemy, had thrown themselves flat upon the ground at the sound of the first order. Volley followed volley, telling with some effect upon the close columns of the British, though most of the balls were either lost by striking into the trees, or diverted by grazing them.

The Rangers, while holding their successive trees as long as possible, had been gradually working their way towards their horses, which were by this time ready. Taking advantage of a brief lull in the firing, they sprang to their feet, and darting from tree to tree, passed out of the line of fire, still using their carbines as they had opportunity, till they reached the horses, and sprang into the saddles. At this moment the scene was lit up by the glare of a dozen burning tents, which had been fired by order of Colonel Gray, the commander of the assailants, and then came the cries of wounded men, who were perishing in them; this dastardly piece of ferocity had the good effect of giving light enough for Clayton's troop to act on horseback to much better advantage. Putting his men in motion instantly, he charged on the enemy's flank in solid column; he succeeded in partially disordering them, but they rallied immediately, and he was forced to give back under a fire which it would have been utter madness to attempt to face.

They broke at once, but not in retreat nor confusion; and in a moment they were hovering singly or in groups of two or three around the advancing column; in front, in rear, on either flank, these wild riders wheeled and circled like hawks; in and out among the trees, firing with deadly aim into the solid mass of the assailants, while volley after volley whistled harmlessly by them in their rapid and ceaseless evolutions.

The new recruits who had been employed at first in helping to saddle the horses, behaved quite as well as Clayton had dared to hope; he had not been able as yet to procure carbines for them, and several of them had not even swords; they all had pistols, however, and several had brought their fowling-pieces and rifles with them, when they enlisted; with such arms as they had, however, they were at work as busily as the rest, every man "on his own hook," for there had been no time to drill them in Clayton's peculiar system of tactics, beyond teaching them a few of the more common signals.

In the meantime Wayne, with the small body he had succeeded in rallying, was stubbornly holding his ground, and covering the flight of the other panic stricken soldiers, whose officers, vainly, for the most part, strove to check and form them in the rear.

The light of the burning tents, however, showed him how utterly hopeless was the attempt to beat off an enemy evidently stronger than his whole division had been at the beginning; and he reluctantly ordered a retreat.

It was conducted in good order, at first, but soon became a flight, with part of the enemy following in hot pursuit, while the remainder amused themselves by bayonetting such of the Americans as were scattered about, unarmed, as they could overtake.

Cries for quarter were heard all around, from naked or wounded men, answered by "no quarter to the bloody rebels!" accompanied by savage oaths and the thrust of bayonets, or the heavy "thud" and the crash, as the musket butt came down upon some naked skull.

The fight was over; but while the Americans under Wayne retreated, Clayton accompanied them with his troop, still harassing the enemy with the irregular but galling fire from their carbines, until they desisted from the pursuit.

The British returned towards the camp, meeting, on the way, General Smallwood, coming to the assistance of Wayne with a detachment of raw militia, who, at sight of the enemy, instantly turned with alacrity, and ran for their lives right gallantly, and with a speed which would have bid defiance to pursuit, had Colonel Gray made any; a thing he had not the slightest intention of doing. Passing back through what was left of the camp, he collected his forces, gathered up his wounded, and before dawn the place was left in its desolation; and when the sun rose, its light shone upon the bodies of one hundred and fifty dead and wounded Americans lying there, while above the groans of the wounded, rose the mournful voice of a soldier's dog, which sat howling over the corpse of its master.

Thus ended the "Paoli massacre," for which General Wayne has been not only severely censured, but most bitterly slandered; he has been charged with having been asleep at a farm-house a mile away from the camp—with having never come near the field—with having been surprised in his tent, and with having escaped from the back of it and fled with his red-lined cloak turned inside out, around his body, passing for a British soldier in the darkness, and amid the confusion of the attack! Such lies as these passed current from mouth to mouth, among those who knew nothing of the affair but by rumor. The court-martial convened by Washington about a month afterwards, at Wayne's request, came to a different conclusion, after hearing the testimony of those who knew what they were talking about, and decided that "he did everything that could be expected from an active, brave and vigilant officer, under the orders which he then had."

### CHAPTER XVII.

By daybreak the Rangers were within a mile of the right bank of the Schuylkill, on the Lancaster road. As soon as Colonel Gray had given up the pursuit, they had detached themselves from the body of fugitives—it being, as we have seen before, no part of their custom to accompany any main body of men in a flight—and ridden straight towards Philadelphia, intending to hover in and around the city and watch the motions of the enemy, who had approached fearfully near, and, indeed, were preparing to take possession.

Soon after they left the main body, the three Tory prisoners they had brought with them, suddenly occurred to Clayton, for the first time since the attack, and he asked Bettle if he had seen them.

"No," said the latter, "I never thought of the rascals," and, riding to the rear, inquired of Frank if they were with the troop.

Frank answered in the negative.

"When did you discover their absence?"

"How?"

"When did you miss them?" said Bettle, simplifying.

"Oh! know'd it ever since we started," said Frank, who had understood the question in its previous form, perfectly well, but had a perfect hatred of what he called "booktionary talk."

"Why didn't you report to the Captain then?" said Bettle, a little sternly.

"No use," said Frank coolly, "nobody but the d—l could ha' caught 'em with the start they had, even if there 'd been time to hunt 'em. Let 'em go; can't do no harm."

Bettle was fain to be content with this, knowing that no more information would be extracted from Frank, and rode back to Clayton with his report.

"It can't be helped," said the latter, "but they may have escaped at the beginning of the attack; and if they reach the city in advance of us, may meet some outlying parties of the enemy, and give us trouble by informing them of our movements."

Nothing more was said, for none of the officers were men to waste breath in discussing matters that were inevitable, and the troop rode on in silence till they reached the spot mentioned in the beginning of the chapter.

As the day began to break Frank and Harry had dismounted, and gone a short distance in advance to reconnoitre, the troop following at a walk, with their arms secured from rattling and jingling in the usual manner.

They were proceeding cautiously, listening for signals, when the two scouts suddenly appeared—I was going to say, breathless, but that was a condition that Frank Lightfoot and Dandy Harry did not easily get into—and both speaking at once, hurriedly exclaimed to Clayton,

"Close up, close up! There's eighty or a hundred British light horse in the road not two hundred yards off!"

"Well," said Clayton, who at the first sight of them had silently thrown up his hand as a signal for the troop to halt, "well, are they in motion?"

"No," said Harry, "they're drawn up in the road. "I suspect waiting for us, just around the second turn, about two hundred yards off."

"Did you get near enough to count them?" said Clayton.

"Yes; but we didn't stop to do it carefully. However, there can't be less than what we said—"

"But lookee here," interrupted Frank, "by the hoksy! I seen them three rascals that got off back yonder among 'em."

"Is thee sure of that?" inquired Clayton.

"Certain; I know 'em too well to make a mistake."

"We must avoid a fight if possible," said Clayton, "they are probably fresh, and our own men and horses are too tired to attempt such odds; at the same time I want to reach the city if it can be done; what does thee advise, Levi?" he added, addressing Barton, who was beside him.

"I'm afraid we'll have to try and fight our way through," said the latter, speaking rapidly, "I hear them in motion now—" as the tramp of what was evidently a considerable body of horsemen, accompanied by the jingle of their arms, which they took no pains to silence, was borne past upon the fresh morning air—"they're coming; if we retreat along the road, we'll be overtaken and cut to pieces; we're hemmed in by this swampy ground on the one side, and this thicket on the other—"

"Thee's right," interrupted Clayton; "form across the road and give them a volley as they come up, and then charge on them; we may cut our way through."

The troop was at once formed in a solid column, filling the road from side to side, and they sat waiting in grim silence for the attack, with carbines unslung and cocked, and holsters opened ready.

About twenty yards in advance the road turned somewhat sharply around a bank, and Clayton had ordered his men to hold their fire until enough of the enemy had passed the turn for the discharge to tell upon with full effect.

By this time the enemy, who had been coming on in a sharp trot, arrived at the turn, and the next instant the head of the column had passed it, coming in full view of the Rangers.

"Ready, now, ready!" said Clayton, in a low, quick tone, and, simultaneously—

"Halt!" exclaimed the other leader, suddenly reining back his horse against the foremost rank of his men, and then holding a white handkerchief aloft. "Hold, there! don't fire on us," as he observed the carbines of the Rangers at their shoulders.

Clayton, watching him closely, motioned with his left hand to his men not to fire, and then waited to see what was to grow out of this unusual way of managing a charge of cavalry.

"May I speak a word to you, sir?" said the leader courteously, addressing Clayton, and riding forward a few paces alone.

"Certainly thee may," said Clayton, also riding forward, until they met about half way between their respective troops, "what has thee to say to me?"

"I suspect, from your language," said the other smiling, "that I have found the men I'm looking for. You are Captain Clayton, commanding a corps of American free Rangers, if I mistake not."

"I am," said Clayton, quietly, though wondering to what all this was going to lead.

"Then, sir, I am happy to inform you that I have secured three runaway prisoners of yours, who informed me that I would be likely to meet you here, and who, within the next five minutes, will probably be in a state of profound astonishment."

Clayton was decidedly in that state himself at this moment.

"I see you are mystified, sir," said the stranger; "my name is Allen M'Lane, commanding very much such a corps as your own, but at this moment, for satisfactory reasons, masquerading in British uniforms. Your runaways fell in with us about half an hour ago, and, taking us for the genuine article, at once joined us for protection."

"I see, I see," said Clayton, laughing, "but, why did they run the risk of coming on here, instead of joining the force that attacked us?"

"I asked them the same question," said M'Lane, "and they told me they did attempt to do so, but were not believed, and had to run for their lives with the rest."

A momentary glimpse of suspicion shot across Clayton's mind, for he was cautious by nature and habit, and it occurred to him that this story might, after all, be only a ruse to lull suspicion until his own men should be entangled with the others, so as to be incapable of a combined and effectual resistance."

"What does thee propose to do?" he inquired.

"To combine our forces," was the prompt reply; "at any rate, to work in concert against the British, when they take possession of Philadelphia, as they will, inevitably. Nothing short of a miracle can prevent it; they will make it their winter quarters, and I intend to make it my business to keep in the neighborhood just as long as they stay there, and annoy them by intercepting their supplies, and cutting off all who venture outside."

"Thee is not trying to deceive me?" said Clayton.

"If I were really an enemy, would I have been likely to make this parley, with a force *so much your superior? I see an acquaintance* among your officers, who can tell you who I am."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Wetherill, there; will you be good enough to call him?"

Wetherill came forward in answer to a motion from Clayton, and as he reached the spot, Captain M'Lane removed his cap and held out his hand to him, as he looked keenly at him, saying,

"Have you forgotten your old friends, Mr. Wetherill?"

"Allen M'Lane!" exclaimed Wetherill, in surprise, grasping his hand warmly; "I'm glad to see thee, but certainly I didn't expect to meet thee in this dress; thee used to be a terrible rebel."

"I'm as bad a one as ever I was," said M'Lane, who then explained his disguise as he had done before to Clayton, adding with a laugh, "and I certainly didn't expect to find men that say 'thee and thou,' with broadswords belted around their plain coats; but I wanted you to satisfy your captain that we are friends and not enemies."

"Oh, if that's all, I presume thee's satisfied, Ellis?" said Wetherill, turning to Clayton.

"Perfectly," said the latter, "and now I am free to say I'm very glad thee is not what thee seems to be, for I was really very uneasy about the prospect of a fight with thy force.—My people are wearied out by a hard march and harder fighting this morning, and are in sore need of rest."

"We'll soon find a place for that," said Captain M'Lane, "if you'll put them in motion."

Wetherill accordingly went back to the troop, who were still standing, waiting in puzzled amazement for the issue of this strange conference, explained the true state of the case, and the whole party retraced their steps towards the city, crossed the Schuylkill, and then striking northward pushed rapidly towards the hills of the Wissahickon.

The astonishment of the three Tories, when they found themselves prisoners again, was, to say the least, profound. No explanations were vouchsafed to them, of course, and they rode in the centre of the Rangers, to whom they had been transferred, in a state of pitiable bewilderment, to which were added very uncomfortable misgivings as to the unravelling of the mystery.

Now, I am not going to describe the place which the Rangers and their new friends occupied on the Wissahickon; for, I know, if I do, that somebody will incontinently establish an "Ice Cream and other Refreshments" saloon there, and somebody else will open a Lager Beer Saloon, complicated with a bowling alley and three billiard tables, and fast young men will drive hired horses and light wagons furiously, and get very drunk on bad liquors, and picnic parties will drive out there in six-double omnibuses, with a brass band in the foremost. No, I'll spare it all these abominations, by avoiding any description of it.

Suffice it to say, it was among the hills, and

was used as a rendezvous until some time after the British had taken possession of the city, a constant communication being kept up with the American army, the British worried by constant forays and surprises of stragglers and outlying parties; enterprises in which the conduct of the Rangers so satisfied Captain M'Lane of the superiority of their training for their particular business, that he begged Clayton to take a portion of his own men under his command, and train them.

The latter chose thirty of the best riders among them, so as to bring his force up to its original number, and soon had them perfectly trained and disciplined.

"In the meantime, on the twenty-sixth of September, just one month after Clayton's foray into the Hessian Camp, at Turkey Point, Lord Cornwallis, better known among his own men as "Old Corn-Cob," had entered Philadelphia, at the head of a detachment of British and Hessian grenadiers, leaving the rest of the army encamped at Germantown.

They marched down Second Street to their camp, which was below the city, with M'Lane's men hovering in their rear. Five of these, disguised as British cavalry, with the Captain at their head, pounced upon a Captain Sandford,* at the Bridge over Dock Creek, and carried him and his horse off together, after having just missed the Adjutant-General, with his papers, above, near Chestnut Street.

Before the British entered the city, Congress adjourned to meet at Lancaster, to which place all the archives were removed, and at the same time caused to be arrested and sent to Virginia about twenty stiff-necked individuals, among whom were several of the prominent "Friends" who had been instrumental in getting up the "Testimony" spoken of in the beginning of my narrative; they having stubbornly refused to give either by word or writing, any promise of allegiance to the Continental Government.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The city was now practically in the possession of the enemy. Washington had moved down the Schuylkill, from Potts Grove, where he had been encamped, to within about sixteen miles of Germantown, at which place the bulk of the British forces was still lying, and the two armies lay for some time watching each other's movements.

Howe probably supposed that when he had conquered Philadelphia, he had conquered the country of which it was the capital. If he did so, he soon discovered his mistake; for he was in a very short time made acquainted, ay, and thenceforth kept acquainted, too, with the fact that he commanded precisely the area of ground which his army covered for the time, and not one foot beyond it.

The prestige which the taking of the Capital was to give to the British arms, which was so much counted on, amounted to just nothing at all.

It spread no panic through the country, it brought the American forces no nearer to a surrender; Congress, when the time came, simply shifted its quarters first to Lancaster, and then to York; and lo! Lancaster, and then York, became for the time, the *seat of* Government; and Philadelphia,—simply a British encampment between the Schuylkill and the Delaware!

Nevertheless, the British encampment between the Schuylkill and the Delaware was not the most comfortable in the world, during the succeeding fall and winter.

Their supplies were anything but plentiful, and there was a very inconvenient lack of firewood, in particular.

True, there was no lack of willingness among the farmers in the vicinity, to furnish everything that was wanted, nor any lack of efforts to furnish them; but a great deal of produce started to the city, that never reached it, and a good many foraging parties went out, that either came back faster than they went, or came not back at all; for there were hawks up the river and down the river, and circling everywhere around the outskirts, swooping down upon farmer and forager, snapping them up or putting them to flight, and turning many a drove of sheep and cattle, and many a load of grain from their intended destination, into the hungry stomachs at Valley Forge.

But I am getting on too fast for my story. None of the British except the detachment which accompanied Cornwallis had, as yet, entered the city, but were, as I said before, at Germantown.

On the 1st of October, Washington, who still remained encamped near Pennibecker's Mill, was reinforced by the arrival of some troops from Peekskill and a body of militia. At the same time, Howe was weakened by the absence of Cornwallis's detachment in Philadelphia, and of a force which he had despatched down the Delaware for the purpose of reducing Billingsport and the forts at Red Bank and on Mud Island.

Washington was aware of this, being kept posted as to all the enemy's movements by the Irregulars, whose scouts were constantly hovering about their camp, and he determined to give them battle.

His army was not in the best possible condition for service, for their ammunition was none too plentiful, and at least a thousand of them were barefooted, and in fact, with a few exceptions, the whole army was pervaded by a general air of raggedness.

It was necessary to intercept all communication between the British and the inhabitants of the surrounding country, in order to prevent their design from being betrayed; and the Irregulars separated into small detachments, and scoured all the roads leading to Germantown and the city, from the first till midnight of the third of the month.

Washington had started for Chestnut Hill, in company with the column under the command of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's division, at dark on the same evening, hoping to reach the place and surprise the British pickets there, before daylight. But the road was rough and difficult to travel, and when midnight came, they were still miles away.

Barton's division of the Rangers, accompanied by Clayton, joined them at this point, having reconnoitred the road from near Chestnut Hill, and bringing with them a party of three countrymen whom they had intercepted, and reported himself to Washington.

The prisoners were ordered to the rear while Clayton proceeded to make his report.

"How is the road?" inquired Washington, as Clayton paused in his recital.

"Very rough; worse, if possible, than it is here."

"Did you see any of the enemy's patrols?"

"We came upon one party about three miles below, and chased them for a mile, but they escaped in the darkness, by turning into the woods; we didn't pursue them any farther, being satisfied with driving them off the road."

"I am sorry they escaped you," said Washington, "I fear they will give notice of our approach."

"I think not," said Clayton, "hardly a night has passed since we came into the neighborhood, without some such rencontre taking place between my own men or Captain M'Lane's, and some of the enemy's videttes. I am satisfied that they knew us, and will not suspect the presence of any larger force until they see it."

"Where did you take the prisoners you brought in?"

"Just below, on our way hither.

"Then they have had no opportunity to communicate with the enemy?"

"None whatever," said Clayton, "I am certain that those we chased, were the outermost patrol; all the other roads are in possession of my own men or M'Lane's."

"Do you expect to have your men together, in a body, in the battle?" inquired General Wayne.

"Certainly," said Clayton, "they have orders to fall in with Pulaski's cavalry at the first opportunity."

"Then you intend to fight under his command this time," said Mad Anthony; "I was in hopes to have had your dare-devils with me to-day, to help me in wiping out that matter at the Paoli."

"Thee may possibly have them yet," said Clayton, smiling, "we will remain with Pulaski, until I think we can do better elsewhere. I think it likely, if thee should be in the part of the field where Colonel Grey is, thee will have a chance of such assistance as we can give."

"Your men are hardly adapted, from their training, for field service, I imagine, sir," interrupted Washington.

"They have been thoroughly trained for every kind of service," said Clayton, "except artillery."

"If your Excellency had seen them at Brandywine, and the way they charged in solid column on those scoundrels at Paoli," said Wayne, "you would have no fears as to their ability for field work."

But little more was said, and the army proceeded as silently as possible, until they reached the woods on Chestnut Hill at daybreak.

As they emerged from the woods, the vanguard came upon one of the enemy's outlying patrols, not fifty yards in advance; the latter put spurs to their horses and galloped down the road, hotly pursued by a dozen of the Rangers, with Barton at their head.

The patrol were well mounted, of course, but they would have stood no chance at all with the fleet horses that were after them, had they not come pell mell upon a party of some fifty light horse a short distance above Mount Airy.

They were so close upon them before they perceived them, that pursuers and pursued drew up together in a confused mass, within thirty feet of the light horse, who had halted on hearing the clatter of hoofs coming down the road.

This confusion saved Barton and his small force; for they were so mixed and entangled with the patrol, that the larger force were afraid, at first, to fire or charge on them for fear of shooting or riding down their friends, and they stood for a moment irresolute.

Taking advantage of this pause, Barton gave the signal for retreat, and his men, wheeling their horses directly in their tracks separated instantly, leaped the fences on each side of the road, and in a moment were skirring through the meadows, like moss-troopers, scattered, after their fashion in such cases, like a flock of partridges.

A few pistols were fired after them, and the British were about to pursue, but their leader ordered them to stand fast.

"I know those men," said he to his lieutenant, "they're Clayton's Rangers, I know by their manœuvres; we might as well chase shadows—"

"Back, back!" exclaimed the officer in command of the patrol, "the whole rebel army's within half-a-mile of us!"

"The d—l!" exclaimed the other, in consternation.

No more words were wasted, and the whole party rode back to the nearest post as fast as they could spur their horses, and gave the alarm.

The Fortieth regiment, with a battalion of light infantry which was stationed at Mount Airy, immediately formed to receive, as they supposed, the shock of the whole army; their commander sending the patrol on to the main body, which was encamped some distance below, in the middle of Germantown.

They had hardly formed, before Conway came sweeping down upon them in a furious attack, which drove them headlong into the village.

The battle was begun; it has been too often and too well described by more competent hands, to make it necessary for me to enter into its details, and I shall have but little to say about it, except so far as relates to the connection of the Rangers with it.

When the retreating columns reached the head of the village, Colonel Musgrave, the commander, threw himself, with five or six companies of the Fortieth regiment, into the large stone-house, known now, wherever American History is known, as "Chew's House," and held it throughout the battle, with a stubborn bravery that deserves all praise.

While the battle was raging around this temporary fort, General Greene had come around by the Limekiln Road, routed a battalion of light infantry and the Queen's Rangers, on the right wing of the enemy, and was now hotly engaged with the left flank of the same wing, striving to enter the village; the Pennsylvania militia, under General Armstrong, also came down the Manatawny Road, (now known as the Ridge Road,) upon the left wing, commanded by Grey, which it was their business to attack and turn; and when they reached it, arriving in front of the German Chasseurs, on the left flank, to their imperishable glory be it said, they stood still, and never attacked them at all! Whereupon Colonel Grey, betook himself, with nearly the whole left wing, to the assistance of the centre which had its hands more than full.

The Maryland and Jersey militia under Smallwood and Forman, who were ordered to march down the York Road, and attack the right flank of the right wing, executed the first half of their instructions, that of marching down the road, admirably; but arrived on the ground so late that there was nobody left for them to attack, the said wing having left the ground to go to the assistance of the centre near Chew's house.

Here was the brunt of the battle. The Rangers, in obedience to Clayton's orders, had fallen in successively, as they came up, with Pulaski's cavalry as a gathering point. As soon as they were all together, Clayton led them off towards the house, having heard that Colonel Grey was there, and feeling a strong desire to make his acknowledgments to him in person, for the affair at Paoli.

A heavy fog had fallen early in the morning, and everything was thickly enveloped in it. It was so dense that the different divisions of the two armies could not see each other, and both sides were guided in firing by the flash of each other's muskets.

Guided by the incessant rattle of musketry and cannon, which were both playing on Chew's house, Clayton pushed rapidly up the street towards the house, catching here and there dim glimpses of the battalions moving ghostily through the fog, along whose lines, ever and anon, ran the red stream of fire. Disregarding these, not looking to see whether they were friend or foe, Clayton held sternly on to seek Colonel Grey.

A company of British infantry, which had become detached from the main body in the confusion, (for after the first volley or two, the British loaded and fired without regard to order, and with broken ranks,) wheeled into the street directly in front of the Rangers before they saw them in the thick fog.

They were greatly inferior in number, besides being on foot, and escape and resistance seemed alike hopeless. Nevertheless, the instant their Captain saw the figures that loomed through the mist, distinctly enough to know that they were enemies, without stopping to see how strong they were, he ordered his men to halt, down front rank, and prepare to repel cavalry. The order was obeyed with all the marvellous promptness and precision with which thoroughly disciplined troops execute their manœuvres, and by the time the Rangers, who kept on their steady gallop, neither hastening nor slackening their pace, had come within thirty feet of them, the road was blocked by a file of men on one knee, with musket butts braced against the ground and a line of bayonets bristling in front of them, while behind them was another file, half crouching, with arms presented, and behind them again another and the last file, standing bolt upright, with their muskets at their shoulders, levelled above the heads of those in front.

"Stand fast, men;" Clayton heard the officer exclaim, "stand fast; don't fire, 'till you can see their belts."

"Halt," said Clayton, and as the trained horses stopped at the word, planting their fore feet out and throwing themselves almost on their haunches with the sudden check, he called, riding forward alone, as he spoke,

"I should know that voice; is that Captain Gardner?"

"It is," said a voice as the speaker advanced towards him, "is not that Captain Clayton?"

"The same," said Clayton; "let us pass each other in peace, and seek strangers for enemies."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Gardner, "particularly as it depends a good deal upon your forbearance whether my handful of men passes at all."

"I presume it does," said Clayton, smiling; "I would not willingly attack thee at all, and at present I owe thee a debt of kindness, for saving some of our friends from a gang of marauding villains the other day, near Brandywine."

"Oh! the women," said Gardner, with some interest, "yes, I was just in time; did they reach you in safety?"

"Yes, they came in the next morning," said Clayton; "but we must not waste time talking here," he added, "if thee will withdraw thy men, we will push on; let us avoid each other, if possible, during the battle."

Captain Gardner nodded, and immediately ordered his men to recover their arms and march; an order which they obeyed with as much alacrity as amazement at finding themselves allowed to do so.

At this moment an officer in the American uniform spurred up to where Clayton was standing.

"What troop is this?" he inquired.

"Clayton's Rangers," was the answer, "can thee tell how the battle is going?"

"Heaven only knows," said the officer, "I believe there are a dozen battles going on at once; there's no possibility of keeping any kind of order in this cursed fog. I was sent to tell General Sullivan to silence that battery in an orchard that lies over yonder, but I can't find him, will you undertake it?"

"Of course," said Clayton, briefly.

"Well, at them, then," said the officer, motioning in the direction of the orchard. "I hope you'll succeed, for their fire's too hot for comfort, and away he spurred.

Clayton immediately put his men in motion in the direction indicated by the officer, guided only by the roar of the cannon and an occasional glimpse of their flash, through the smoke and fog; indeed this was all he could see; neither orchard nor cannon nor soldiers were visible.

Sweeping around, so as to get out of the line of fire, they pushed across the intervening meadows until within fifty yards of the battery; halting here for a moment, Clayton ordered the MacAllan boys to dismount and steal with their rifles along the orchard fence, in advance of the troop, as near as they could get without being discovered, instructing them what to do when they had reached the point.

The ten young giants dismounted at once, knowing that their horses would keep in the ranks whether mounted or not. Stealing along the fence, crouching low, with trailed rifles, they made their way rapidly towards the battery which was still in full play in the direction of Sullivan's brigade, which, somewhere off in the fog, was keeping up a brisk but random fire, in another direction.

The fence had been levelled for several yards on each side, so as to give space for the cannon. They were placed on the edge of a kind of bank, along which the fence extended.

Arrived at the opening in the latter, and near enough to see the enemy with tolerable distinctness, five of the party crouched in the corner of the worm fence, while the other five, throwing themselves flat upon the ground, worked their way at some distance from the edge of the elevation, across the line of fire, but so far below its level that the balls hurtled over them harmlessly, and gained the other end of the opening unperceived.

After the next discharge of the guns, as the artillerymen sprang forward to reload them, the sharp, almost simultaneous crack of the Mac Allan's rifles was heard, and all the men at the guns but two went down, and then came the rush of cavalry, and the next moment the wild riders poured in solid column upon the flank of the body which supported the battery, before any attempt could be made to reload the guns.

Taken by surprise, having no time to display their front to repel the charge, they were broken in a moment, and the Rangers were in their midst. An attempt to form again was defeated by an unexpected movement of the Rangers, who, from some previously understood arrangement apparently, for not a word was spoken, separated into four divisions, and each taking a different direction, forced the disordered crowd apart, driving them farther and farther back; as each division penetrated the heart of the mass before it, its riders turned again, back to back, thus forming two fronts, each of which continued to force their enemies apart until they had them completely broken up into separate squads.

Then closing again into solid column, they attacked these scattered parties in detail, riding down, shooting, sabring in rapid succession, till all who were left, threw down their arms and called for quarter.

"Where is your commanding officer?" said Clayton.

"I believe I must serve your turn for want of a better," said an officer in a lieutenant's uniform, advancing.

"Does thee surrender?" said Clayton.

The officer started, and looking at Clayton for a moment in astonishment, muttered—"George Fox, again, as I live!" and then added aloud,

"I can't help myself that I see. I have nothing but this to give up to you," offering the hilt of his sword, "the blade parted company with it a minute ago in the scuffle."

"Keep it," said Clayton.

The officer bowed.

And now occurred the strangest and most contradictory of all the strange and contradictory things in this helter skelter battle of Germantown.

At this very time the British were practically defeated! General Howe had given up the battle, and had given orders to rendezvous at Chester. The main body, overpowered in the centre of the village, were on the point of retreating, when Grey and Knyphausen, taking advantage of the magnanimous forbearance of the Pennsylvania militia in disobeying their orders, and the very accommodating deliberation of the Maryland and New Jersey militia in coming up too late to be of any use, threw the whole left wing into the village, to the assistance of the centre. This checked the Americans, who had before been gaining ground rapidly, and they were finally driven back. Colonel Grey then hurried to the assistance of the right wing, which was engaged with General Greene's column. General Sullivan, with Colonel Armstrong and General Conway, had driven the enemy into the village, when they suddenly found themselves unsupported by other troops, their ammunition exhausted, and dimly visible through the fog, a powerful force forming on their right. At that moment some one called aloud that they were surrounded, and the Americans, in a sudden panic, one of the most unmanageable disorders to which armies are subject, broke away into a full retreat, tossing the victory out of their hands at the moment when they had only to close them upon it to make it secure.

The British commander ought to have felt deeply his obligations to the gallant militia, who didn't attack his left wing, for to their disregard of their orders, was owing, mainly, the turn of the battle. A great deal of precious time, however, was lost before Chew's house, owing to General Knox's opposition, (which savored very strongly of what is known, since the Crimean war, as "red tape,") to leaving the house in possession of Colonel Musgrave, and following up their advantage outside, because "it would be unmilitary to leave a castle in our rear;" when the simple fact was that Colonel Musgrave could have done no harm, while in the house, had he been only let alone, and a single regiment could have taken care of him, had he attempted to sally out.

The battle was lost. The Americans retreated twenty miles, carrying all their artillery with them, to Perkiomen Creek, leaving behind them nearly seven hundred dead and wounded, besides about a hundred reported "missing," some of whom were prisoners, and some of whom had availed themselves of this capital opportunity to quit soldiering and sneak off home!

The loss of the British, as appeared by a torn report, which was afterwards found in a chimney corner in Germantown, and the fragments put together, was about eight hundred. Thus ended the second pitched battle in which the Rangers shared, in disaster and defeat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* No relation to Jenny.


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.



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## PRIZE FIGHTING.

The *London Times*, in a leader on the fight between Heenan and Sayers, remarks that "nations without great qualities could not have brought together two men willing to pass through such an ordeal as the terrible fight of Tuesday."

The Aborigines of this continent, at the time of its discovery, and afterwards, were in the habit of going through quite as severe "ordeals" as that referred to by the *London Times*. When tied to the stake to be burned and otherwise tormented by their enemies, they invariably bore the most painful torments that a diabolical ingenuity could devise, not only without a groan, but with scoffs and sheers at their persecutors. These Aborigines, however, did not belong to nations possessing sufficiently high qualities to raise them above the degradations and weaknesses of *savage life*.

*Among other barbarous and half-civilized* people, ranging up even as high as the Chinese, an amount of physical pain and torture is often inflicted, and generally uncomplainingly submitted to, beside which the sufferings of the above pugilists were comparatively child's play. And yet these nations are not esteemed great in proportion to their power of inflicting and suffering pain unmoved.

The agony of *suffering* death by the cross, is perhaps almost equal to that of any death that a fiendish ingenuity can devise—and yet men have been found among very degenerate nations, to bear it, and to inflict and witness it, without a groan.

We therefore judge the *London Times* to be entirely wrong in its inference. Insensibility to physical pain is, as the general rule, the proof of the possession of a lower and not of a higher nature. Among the animals, it is the lower orders, such as the earth-worms, which can be hacked to pieces, and pay but little regard to it.

The difference between men in this respect, as between animals, is not so much owing to superior fortitude, as to *inferior sensibility*. The refining influence of a highly intellectual and moral nature, increases the sensibility of the physical powers to the pleasant and beautiful; and, of course, you cannot increase the sensitiveness to the side of good, without also increasing it to the side of evil. A stone cares not for the perfume of the summer morning, neither does it care if you pound it into ten thousand pieces. A horse is perhaps the noblest of animals—and yet few animals are more susceptible to pain.

A man of fine nature, material and spiritual,—the highest product as it were of our Civilization and Christianity—would probably have fainted before enduring one-half of that which was recently borne by either Heenan or Sayers. A red Indian, with the scalps of women and children hanging at his girdle, would calmly bear tortures that neither of those pugilists could endure without openly manifesting his agony. Is the red Indian, then, the highest specimen of a man?

One we all do know of—the highest ensample ever vouchsafed to poor humanity—who sweat drops as of blood even while contemplating the cruel fate before him;—and from whose glorious human nature was wrung by the long agony of the cross the despairing but innocent cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Ah, we cannot dissever sensibility to the good and beautiful influences of this world, from sensibility to the evil and painful influences; and insensibility to these latter, is not a proof of great qualities, but the reverse.

Endurance and fortitude are, we admit, to be classed among the virtues—when exerted in a good cause. But much, as we have shown, that is called fortitude, is simply a greater degree of insensibility to pain.

As to prize fighting in itself, it can hardly be necessary for us to express any opinion. Compared with the bull-fighting of Spain, and the cock fighting of Cuba, it is not only more barbarous, but dashed with a peculiarly English trait of vulgarity. There is not a single merit claimed for it, that is capable of being sustained by sound argument.

It is the favorite vice of low and brutal minds, as duelling is of more gentlemanly natures. Bull-fighting is bad, cock fighting is worse, bull-baiting is still worse, and prize-fighting is the worst and lowest of all. Of all the importations from England, this is the one that should be met the soonest with not only a high, but totally prohibitive duty. It may agree with the mental and moral constitutions of English "nobles, authors, editors, artists, and *clergymen*"—but let it be tabooed in America now, henceforth, and forever.

## THE SANTILLAN CLAIM.

This famous San Francisco land claim, in which so many of our best citizens were largely interested, after securing a favorable decision from the Land Commissioners and the District Court of California, has been decided adversely by the Supreme Court of the United States. The Supreme Court held: *First*, That there was no legal title, for want of record evidence. *Second*, That there was no equity, for want of consideration. *Third*, That the title appeared to have been made (fraudulently) in eighteen hundred and fifty.

A friend of ours who was formerly City Surveyor of San Francisco, stated to us several years ago, that he thought the title of this claim was very doubtful, and that the value of the land in dispute was greatly exaggerated. And yet, as to the latter opinion, we see it stated that the *assessed* value of the property is over fifteen millions of dollars!

This decision of the Supreme Court, while it will cause great joy in San Francisco, is a severe blow to many individuals in Philadelphia, and a cause of regret to our whole business community. If the suit had been gained, it would have brought probably ten to fifteen millions of dollars into our midst, and thus directly and indirectly benefitted the community to that amount.

On the other hand, the result is not altogether without its benefits. It is not to be denied that a spirit of reckless speculation has been creeping into certain business circles of this city, which, in former times, avoided all such rash ventures as they avoided gambling—and for the same reasons. The unfortunate result of this Santillan affair, may have some effect in bringing these classes back to their old-fashioned, sober and prudent habits of thought. And considering what a crop of future follies the success of the Santillan speculation might have sown; and what a harvest of sober wisdom our citizens will probably reap from its failure; perhaps we really shall have no ultimate cause to complain of a decision which, though bitter and severe as medicine, may conduce greatly to the future good health of our business community.

## A HARD CASE.

The publishers of "*Harper's Weekly*," in their editorial column, say:—

We publish this week, as part of the news to the illustration of which this journal is devoted, an *engraving* of the *brutal* and *bloody* prize-fight which lately took place in England between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan. *We need not say that we regret its appearance in our columns. Unfortunately, the subjects which we illustrate are not of our choosing; we are bound to supply the public with what they want, and we have no power to control their choice.*

This is a hard case, that even men generally reputed to be worth their hundreds of thousands, have to publish what they "*regret*" to *publish*, and "*have no power to control their choice!*" They denominate the fight in question, a "*bloody, brutal, and blackguard one*"—but still they must bow to the requirements of the "public," bent upon seeing an engraving of a "bloody, brutal and blackguard" affair.

The same leading article from which we quote the above, winds up in a moral strain, as follows:—

To what purpose so many pulpits and so many sermons if the brutal prize-fighter is *the hero of the day?* With what *feelings* can the clergy, with what feelings can the *press* contemplate the spectacle which is before their eyes at the present time, when all society is plunged into such palpable barbarism! *How shall they—the teachers of the world—render an account of their teachings?*

That last would seem a very appropriate question, truly. Probably the answer of some of these "teachers" will be—that they "regretted" it very much, but they "were bound to supply the public with the bad teachings they wanted," and really "had no power to control their choice"—except at the fearful cost of losing the sale of several thousand copies!

## AMERICAN POCKETS.

A late number of one of the English religious periodicals, gives an account of the revival in New York city. Among its facts are the following:

The conversion of a noted New York lawyer was scarcely less striking. He had been notorious as one of the most unscrupulous lawyers of the place. There were no means which, in his calling, he shunned: there was no course from which he shrank. Bench, bar, opponents and clients stood in equal awe of him; for more than any other New York lawyer, he possessed an amazing stock of volubility and vituperative power, and there was no predicting what line or policy he might adopt. He would unhesitatingly take a stolen watch, or silver spoons, from a client as a fee; and great was his indignation on one occasion when a *client once picked his pocket of a tea set* after he had succeeded in getting him off.

Our English friends, it would seem, are at last beginning to believe that "every thing is on a magnificent scale in America." Even the pockets are not behind the average magnitude, but will each hold a tea-set—including tea pot, sugar bowl and cream-jug—with the greatest ease! To pick a man's "pocket" of a "tea-set," without his knowing it, we should think would be rather a difficult operation; but then American rogues are doubtless constructed on the same magnificent scale as the pockets they have to deal with.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Alexander Kirkpatrick has been appointed Superintendent of Depositories in the American Sunday School Union—one of the positions recently held by the late Treasurer, Mr. Cheyney. Mr. Kirkpatrick has been for many years connected with the Union, and is well and favorably known to our citizens.

## LITTLE DOLLIE DUTTON.

This charming little creature is still holding her levees in the Assembly Buildings. The children crowd to see her, and watch her performances and her every movement with extraordinary interest. They are more eager to go the second time than the first, and come away with only one dissatisfaction—that they cannot bring the fairy home with them for a plaything, to sit in their doll's chair and eat, really eat at the table where the dolls have pretended to, and be put to sleep in the best bed of the baby house, that bright little face smiling up from the pillow, and that tiny mouth bidding good night! She looks to them, with her dainty form and pretty dress and ringlets floating over her shoulders, just the thing that little girls have wished for over and over again—a live doll that can talk and play. But she is more than they have ever fancied a doll could be, and when they see her dance and sing, their startled imagination flies away to fairy land to seek her likeness there. No one can believe how small she is until she is compared with human beings of the usual size. She is taller than a three month's old baby, but in every other particular decidedly smaller. When she is brought up close you are startled, first at the diminutive yet perfect form, and next at the intelligent face looking at you from out that flower-basket—altogether unlike anything you have seen before.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Thomas Carlyle. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: Collected and Republished by Thomas Carlyle. In four volumes. With a Portrait of the author, from an original likeness in the possession of R. W. Emerson. Published by Brown & Taggard, Boston, in very handsome style, at from $1,25 to $3,50 a volume, according to the binding. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

What Will He Do With It? A novel by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. Library edition—in three volumes. Also handsomely got up. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Semi-Detached House. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago; with Other Things. By the author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay." A volume of poetry. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land. From the Earliest Date to the Last Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. Edited by Epes Sargent. Published by Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Bertha Percy; or, L'Esperance. By Margaret Field. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

New American Cyclopædia. Volume IX. Hayne—to Jersey City. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Containing Instructive Articles on a great variety of Subjects, by a great variety of Authors. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. John McFarlane, 33 South Sixth street, Philada. Agent.

The Oakland Stories. By George B. Taylor. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

What I Think; a satire. By Wm. Higgins.

☞ An Irishman was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance, he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed: "Be the powers, me friend, you spoke a leetle too late."

☞ The heart of a healthy human being in the prime of life gives 96,000 strokes every twenty-four hours.

☞ He that will "consider of it" takes time to deny you handsomely.

☞ A barber's advertisement is kind enough to inform us of the fact that "Lost hair can be restored." Now we never met with a head so largely endowed with the bump of acquisitiveness that, having lost its hair, it was anxious to have it brought back again; nor can we very well understand what the puzzled owner would do with the hair when it was restored to him.

☞ When a man's conscience begins to get hard, it does so faster than anything in nature. It is like an egg that is being boiled; it is very clear at first, but as soon as it gets cloudy, one minute more and you may cut it with a knife.

☞ An exchange has the following, as an excellent system of gardening for young ladies:—Make up your *beds* early in the morning; *sow* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake* up any grievances; protect the *young and tender branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully *root out* all angry feelings, and expect a good *crop* of happiness.

☞ Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

☞ "The politicians have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed office-seeker, "but I have strength enough left to swim to the other side."

☞ "Have you any travelling inkstands?" asked a lady of a young stationer. "No, ma'am; we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

☞ The Chinese picture of ambition is "a mandarin trying to catch a comet by putting salt on his tail."

☞ A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it is woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be re-dressed.

☞ A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered: "I did it out of pure revenge."

☞ Old King John, the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, took it into his head to found a library, and he began with—what do you suppose?—*ten volumes*. For he knew what he was about, for that library—the Royal Library of Paris—is now the most magnificent public library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes.

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Paris, April 12, 1860.

So unfriendly a season as this present spring has hardly occurred in these latitudes within the memory of that mythic personage, "the oldest inhabitant." The few hours of warm sunshine, which are all that have been hitherto vouchsafed to us, are mixed up with whole days of rain, occasional touches of snow, thunder-storms, and night frosts. The only comfort of all this is the chance that, as the coldness of the season has kept back the fruit-blossoms, we may be paid for our present invasion of coughs, colds and influenzas, by a more liberal allowance of fruit than has fallen to our lot for some years past. The drought of last summer, added to the remarkable severity of the winter now so tardy in leaving us, has, however, exercised a very injurious effect on vegetation, and the North of Europe is suffering severely for want of fodder. In many localities cattle and sheep are perishing by thousands for lack of food; in France, as well as in England, great quantities of broken ice,—as though an ice-mountain had been broken up into fragments, and the latter blown far and wide over the land—have fallen from the clouds, to the great amazement and alarm of the inhabitants; a phenomenon of which, it is said, there is no example on record. The coldness of the season has necessarily retarded the trade of Paris; the host of shopkeepers, milliners, dressmakers and others, whose business waits so closely on the heels of the weather, being almost idle; while the manufacturing centres are suffering from the paralysis resulting from the disquieting policy of the Emperor Napoleon.

### PASSION WEEK.

The usual observances of Passion-Week have been going on very successfully, in spite of these drawbacks; the theatrical character of these celebrations helping to draw numbers into the churches at this period of the ecclesiastical year. The service called "The Darkness," during which the church is gradually darkened, while lugubrious music is made to increase the effect of the gloom on the nerves of the congregation; the "Calvaries" set up in each church; the magnificent execution of the great works of the best composers on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, all concur to lend a peculiar and very powerful attraction to the Romish services of the week; and accordingly, the churches of this excitement-loving metropolis have been crowded with votaries to a degree that may well induce the priests to hope that the day of the downfall of their power may not be so near as their enemies predict it to be.

I wish that all my readers who love music could have heard Rossini's glorious *Stabat Mater*, as executed on Good Friday by the best musicians of Paris at the Church of St. Eustache. From time immemorial, no one knows why—unless it be that the gridiron on which she was roasted to death is believed, on the faith of the traditions, to have been in the form of a lyre—St. Cecilia, though she appears not to have performed on any instrument, has been adopted by musicians as their patron saint. The musicians of Paris, who have formed themselves into an Association for the relief of the indigent or superannuated members of their profession, have adopted the Church of St. Eustache as their own peculiar *sanctum*, and celebrated St. Cecilia's Day and all the other Catholic high tides therein, with grand musical services to which all lovers of the tuneful art flock in crowds from every corner of Paris. As St. Eustache boasts of the largest church in the metropolis, and as the immense interior of the grand old pile, which will easily contain five thousand persons, is always filled to overflowing on these occasions, one franc per head being paid for admission, and a collection being taken up in the middle of the service, the Association is in receipt of an annual amount which enables it to afford welcome and most valuable relief to many an unfortunate brother of the craft. The collection is sometimes made by the priests, sometimes by ladies chosen by the Committee; but whether taken up by priests in black, or fair dames in all the colors of the rainbow, the beadle accompanies the guest, rapping on the ground with his silver-headed staff, and the offerings are received in a little embroidered velvet bag, of the particular shape always patronized in Catholic churches for this purpose.

This vast edifice, with its glorious pillars and its magnificent height of roof, is admirably calculated for the performance of the noblest religious compositions; the effect of the music being still farther enhanced by the aspect of the building, and the accessories of sculpture, painting, and carving, which render this church one of the richest in the capital.

To obtain seats on any occasion of the kind, it is necessary to be in the church an hour or two before the time appointed; the tedium of waiting being beguiled by the curious spectacle afforded by the filling of the aisles. Formerly, each new-comer took a chair from the heaps of that useful article that encumbered the doorways; holding his prize aloft over the heads of his already-seated neighbors, and slowly forcing his or her way onward through their serried ranks, until some unappropriated gap was espied and seized on; the police and the beadles keeping open a little pathway, just wide enough to squeeze through, in the centre of the outer aisle that runs round the entire building. Dreadful were the sufferings of the unfortunate people whose shoulders formed the living walls of this pathway, and ruthless the disregard of their "feelings" with which the stoutest men and the most extensively petticoated ladies, poked and pushed them on either hand. But, since the introduction of crinoline, it has been found absolutely necessary to alter this mode of proceeding. The chairs are now placed in rows through the edifice before the public comes in; and the pushing and squeezing are consequently very much less formidable.

The beadle is a very grand personage, and his manner sufficiently indicates his appreciation of that fact. He wears a cocked hat of black beaver, covered with silver lace, and backed with white feathers; a scarf of crimson velvet, stiff with embroidery of silver thread, adorns his bust; black velvet smalls, fastened at the knee with silver buckles, white gloves, white silk stockings, polished with massive silver, and a heavy silver chain round his neck, complete his attire, and a sword hangs at his side to strike terror into the hearts of beholders. Besides this grand head-beadle there are several minor ones, dressed in black, and wearing silver chains; *gens d'armes* are also present, and often soldiers, who mount guard, musket in hand, at all the doorways, and on the steps of the chancel.

When these sapient guardians of the public peace perceive that as many persons have been admitted as can possibly be squeezed into the building they shut the doors; and the process of distribution goes on until the mass is equalised throughout the edifice; a process involving no little difficulty, as the best places are always densely packed at an early hour, and the new-comers have to pass through several of these crowded centres to gain the remoter parts of the church. Meantime people chat, and look about them, amusing themselves as best they can, a good many repeating their prayers, while watching all that is going on, and a much smaller number seeming really engrossed in their devotions, undisturbed by the echoes of footsteps, or the subdued whispers of the talkers around them.

But just as your patience is waxing faint, and your sense of weariness becoming oppressive, the musicians and singers are seen falling into place in the orchestra, and a welcome sound of tuning of instruments, and unrolling of scores, informs the expectant multitude the "Stabat" is about to begin. The vast assembly suspends its whispers, and settles itself quietly on its chairs; and when, at length, the organ "utters its voices," and the glorious opening strain of this magnificent creation peals through the aisles, and swells up into the lofty roof, filling every nook and corner of the building, so perfect is the stillness that pervades the church that it seems as though the winged notes were the only living things within its precincts.

On this occasion, the magnificent *chef d'oeuvre* of the master who has revenged himself for the absurd hostility of Parisian critics by keeping silent for a period of five-and-thirty years, was performed in two parts; an interlude of half an hour being allowed to the musicians, during which the priests kept up a monotonous intonation of prayers, and the masculine portion of the assembly went out to "stretch their legs" and smoke a cigar in the sun, outside the church.

### AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

The annual cattle show for the neighborhood of Paris has just come off with great *eclat*. The few enlightened agriculturists, who have laid the deficiencies of their country really to heart, manifest a degree of zeal in the work of improvement, which it would be well if their countrymen would more generally imitate; and the pride and satisfaction manifested by the winners of the prizes on these occasions is pleasant to witness. The government is trying to induce the agriculturists and graziers to interest themselves in the improved methods which have raised the quantity and quality of agricultural products to so high an average in Great Britain. There are now three imperial schools of agriculture in France, at Grignon, Grand-Jouan, and La Saulsie. The first is near Versailles; was founded by M. Bella, and is now conducted by his son. The second is in Brittany, midway between Nantes and Rennes, and is conducted by its founder, Mr. Riesel, one of the most eminent disciples of Mathieu de Dombasle; it possesses some fine herds of Breton, Ayrshire, and Durham cattle, and has supplied many of the prize beasts at the Poissy shows. The school of La Saulsie is about 18 miles from Lyons, was founded by M. Niviere, and is now directed by M Pichat, formerly professor of Agriculture at Grignon. Besides the school, this establishment takes apprentices to learn draining, gardening, and the management of cattle, and possesses a fine herd of the Ayrshire breed, intended to improve the ordinary breed of cattle in the neighborhood.

The Acclimation Society is as busy as ever; and seems to be succeeding in introducing various foreign species of animals, birds, and plants, into this country and its pet Algerian colony. At a recent meeting of that Society, a long discussion took place as to the fact of the hedgehog's having the power to destroy the venomous lanceheaded snake, which is so dangerous a denizen of Martinique. One speaker seemed to fear that the hedgehog might eat too many sugar-canes; and also doubted the animal's insensibility to the poison of reptiles.

### HEDGEHOGS AND VIPERS.

To these objections it was replied that Dr. Lentz's experiments, published in 1832, appear conclusive as to the insensibility of the hedgehog to the poison of serpents. Dr. Lentz relates that he one day let a large viper into a box in which a hedgehog was suckling it's young, (the viper having two days before killed a canary with its venom,) and that the hedgehog got up and smelt at the viper from its tail to its head. The viper began to hiss, and bit its adversary's lips very severely; but the latter, without appearing disconcerted, licked the wounds, and in so doing received a sting in the tongue. This she resented, after some farther smelling, by seizing the viper by its head, crunching it, fangs and all, and went on devouring the reptile until she had eaten one half of it; on the following day, the same hedgehog devoured three young vipers, without appearing to be in any way affected by their venom; nor did any of the wounds it had received swell, or show signs of being morbidly affected. On another occasion, the same hedgehog had a battle with a viper, which lasted twelve minutes, during which she received ten severe bites on her snout, and twenty more on her bristles. At one time, the reptile had struck its fangs so deeply into the lips of the hedgehog, that the latter had some difficulty in shaking it off. At length the hedgehog seized it by the head, as in the former case, and devoured it. It is equally proved by Dr. Lentz that it will not taste vegetable food, unless deprived of its usual nutriment, viz, beetles, frogs, toads, serpents, and above all, rats and mice. In a vineyard, it will not touch the grapes within its reach; and there is therefore reason to believe that, so far from attacking the sugar-cane or other vegetable production, the hedgehog will be an invaluable aid to plantations, by clearing them of reptiles and vermin.

### "EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY."

The immemorial Good Friday drive to Longchamps took place, as usual, on the afternoon of that day. In ancient times, everybody that could raise a vehicle, went out to hear the music performed on that day at the old Abbey of Longchamps; and this promenade became, in course of time, one of the principal features of Passion week; the ladies of the Court, the rich citizens' wives, and gay dames of no recognized social category, vieing with each other in the splendor of their toilets and equipages. The old Abbey of Longchamps has long since fallen into ruins; but the habit of driving thither on Good Friday afternoon still subsists in all its former vigor; and such is frequently the crowding of vehicles on the road, that the whole procession is sometimes brought almost to a standstill.

On Friday last, the weather was magnificent, and the road to Longchamps, up the Champs Elysees, along the avenue de l'Impératrice, and through the Bois de Boulogne, was crowded with equipages of all descriptions, the occupants of two of the most elegant of which will probably not soon forget the occasion.

It appears that Madame de C——, the fashionable and handsome wife of a triple-millionaire of the Chaussee d' Antin, equally remarkable for the brilliance of her wit, and the intensity of her passion for the barking pets so dear to Parisian hearts, had taken a violent fancy (shared by half of Paris) to a certain tiny gray spaniel, the property of one of the most admired of the many representatives of Albion here congregated, the beautiful and distinguished Lady V——, whose intimacy has been for some months past assiduously cultivated by Madame de C——, all for the love of the little gray spaniel.

Sylphide, the animal in question, was in sooth well calculated to make havoc in hearts susceptible to canine charms. Her glossy fur, combed, bathed, and perfumed every day with the utmost care, is of the most delicate mouse-color, and softer than silk; her lustrous eyes sparkle like jewels, her expressive face, with the delicate ears that adorn her graceful little head, is the realization of the most ideal dream of little-doggish beauty. Her tail is perfection; her slender legs, in their light, electric movements hardly seem to touch the ground; and when attired in her newest paletot (of the finest merino, lined with wadded silk, and trimmed with rich braiding,) her neck encircled with a silver collar, whose burnished chain was attached to her mistress's waist, she honors the pavement with the pressure of her charming little paws, the dainty way in which she raises them is so irresistibly bewitching, that all the fair round arms of Paris open spontaneously at the sight, as though to offer a nestling-place to the little beauty, and raise her from a contact unworthy of so peerless a creature.

Any price, no matter how exorbitant, that could have been asked for this little paragon, Madame de C—— would gladly have paid; but, unhappily, Sylphide was not to be sold. Lady V—— was very fond of her, and never seemed to understand the various hints thrown out from time to time, with much tact and delicacy, but still intelligibly enough, by Madame de C——; and all that the latter could do, was to bring her utmost power of petting to bear on the object of her adoration, trusting to some unlooked-for stroke of good fortune to aid her in the attainment of her heart's desire.

Sylphide is excessively fond of sugar-plums, (of which she is a great *connoisseur*) and also of fresh *brioche*, crumbs of which she would eat, in the prettiest manner, from the snowy hand of her admiring friend; and as Madame de C——'s *bonbonniere* was always well supplied with her favorite dainties, Sylphide, who, on her side, is not ungrateful, soon contracted a lively affection for Madame de C——, and her *bonbonniere*.

Such was the position of affairs, when an incident occurred which produced a total estrangement between the two ladies. The Comtesse S——, well known in diplomatic circles, and whom Madame de C—— had long numbered among her conquests, fascinated by the charms of the fair islander, deserted his brilliant countrywoman, and ranged himself among the satellites of her rival. And by an odd coincidence, at the very time when M. de S—— quitted thus abruptly the orbit of Madame de C——, Prince K——, who had hitherto been one of the brightest luminaries in the train of Lady V——, left her ladyship to lay his homage at the feet of the charming Parisian. But the acquisition of the Prince seems to have failed to console the latter for the loss of a knight who had so long worn her colors; and the defection of M. de S—— drew from her an expression of resentment towards her rival, which the common friend to whom these angry feelings were confided lost no time in repeating to the object of her displeasure.

But Lady V——, so far from being affected by the indignation of Madame de C——, merely replied, with a careless shrug of her handsome shoulders,

"But, *ma chere*, she has really nothing to complain of. All the world knows that 'exchange is no robbery!'"

Just then, a magnificent bracelet, the latest achievement of the wonder-working *ateliers* of Froment Maurice, happened to be the object of Lady V——'s most violent desires; but her lord, who is subject to occasional attacks of a malady not uncommon among the husbands of fashionable beauties, was suffering from a fit of jealousy so acute that, to the despair of Lady V——, he utterly refused to gratify her desire to become the possessor of this costly ornament; and the lady, after having vainly called to her aid all the resources of her skill, and all the charms of her eloquence, found herself obliged, though with a heavy heart, to renounce the idea of its acquisition.

Lady V——'s desire for this bracelet, and its disappointment, were no secret to Madame de C——; and on learning, from the gossiping *confidente*, the response made by her rival to her complaint, a sudden thought darted through her mind.

"*Chere amie*," said she to the *confidente*, "I beg you to say to her ladyship that, since such is her opinion, I hold her to the acceptance of the consequences of her maxim."

The confidant lost no time in delivering this message, to which Lady V——, thinking only of her host of admirers, laughingly replied that Madame de C—— was quite at liberty to make any practical application of the principle that she pleased."

Within two hours from the reception of this challenge, the bracelet, inclosed in an elegant case, on whose lid the initials of Lady V—— surmounted by her crest, were inlaid in golden letters, had passed from the jeweller's show-room to the boudoir of Madame de C——, who thenceforth, by means of a system of *espionnage* that followed every movement of her rival, kept her constantly in view. Having at length ascertained that the fair English-woman was going to the promenade of Longchamp in an open carriage, Madame de C—— determined to avail herself of this opportunity to execute her scheme.

Accordingly on her return from the morning mass, on Friday last, the bracelet in its handsome case being placed in the carriage, and the coachman duly instructed in the part he was to play, Madame de C—— might have been seen following at a short distance, the phaeton of Lady V—— as it made its way slowly along the Avenue de l'Imperatrice towards the Bois de Boulogne.

Lady V—— was in excellent spirits, receiving the homage of a crowd of attendant cavaliers; and, to the unspeakable delight of Madame de C—— whose *bonbonniere* was in her hand, supplied with fresh crumbs of the most delicate *brioche*, Sylphide was seated, without her chain, on the front seat nearest to the French woman's carriage.

Taking advantage of a moment when Lady V—— was leaning forward from the opposite side of the phaeton to speak to some acquaintances who were passing, the carriage of Madame de C—— advanced to the side of Lady V——'s; Sylphide, attracted by the sight of the well-known *bonbonniere*, leapt lightly into the outstretched arms of her friend; and Madame de C——, depositing the morocco case on the very spot which Sylphide had quitted, bowed gracefully to her rival, and drove rapidly away, before Lady V—— had had time to comprehend what was passing.

Great was the amazement of the latter when she perceived that Sylphide was gone, and great, for the first few moments, was also her indignation. But the mystery was soon explained, for, on opening the case which occupied Sylphide's vacant place, and which was unmistakeably intended for her, she perceived the rich bracelet she had so much wished for, and, beside it, the card of Madame de C——, on which were written, in pencil, these words, which contained the key to the enigma, "*Exchange is no robbery.*"

A hearty laugh, which she tried in vain to repress, broke from the lips of the fair Englishwoman, much to the astonishment of the gentlemen who had witnessed the scene, and to whom, notwithstanding their eager inquiries, Lady V—— very naturally declined giving any explanation of the affair.

QUANTUM.

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY BULWER.

From Heaven, what fancy stole
The dream of some good spirit, aye at hand,
The seraph whispering to the exiled soul
Tales of its native land?

Who to the cradle gave
The unseen Watcher by the mother's side,
Born with the birth, and journeying to the grave,
The holy Angel-guide?

Is it a Fable?—No!
I heard Love answer from the sunlit air,
"Still when my presence lights the darkness, know
Life's Angel-guide is there!"

Is it a Fable?—Hark!
Faith answers from the blue vault's farthest star,
"I am the Pilot of thy wandering bark,
Thy Guide to shores afar!"

Is it a Fable?—Sweet
From wave, from air, from every forest-tree
The murmur spake—"Each thing thine eyes can greet,
An Angel-guide can be!"

From myriads take thy choice,
In all that lives a guide to God is given.
Even thou hear'st some guardian-angel voice
When nature speaks of Heaven.

## PRINCE OF WALES.

As this distinguished individual is to visit America within a short period of time, it may be interesting to some to know the various titles with which the young Prince is distinguished.

Albert Edward, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, was born November 9, 1841, and consequently was eighteen years old last November. As a Prince of England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany, he has, by birth and by letters patent, the following titles:—

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| 1. | Prince of Wales, by patent, 1841, | English. |
| 2. | Duke of Cornwall, by birth, | " |
| 3. | Earl of Chester, by patent, 1841, | " |
| 4. | Great Steward of Scotland, by birth, | Scotch. |
| 5. | Duke of Rothsay, by birth, | " |
| 6. | Earl of Carrick, by birth, | " |
| 7. | Baron of Renfrew, by birth, | " |
| 8. | Lord of the Isles, by birth, | " |
| 9. | Earl of Dublin, by patent, 1849, | Irish. |
| 10. | Duke of Saxony, | German. |
| 11. | Prince of Coburg and Gotha, | " |

☞ Pumosen's Arraignment.—The practice of a prisoner on arraignment holding up his right hand arose thus: a prisoner found guilty of a felony, on pleading his clergy, was branded on the brawn of the right thumb, and discharged. Benefit of clergy could not be claimed more than once; a prisoner, therefore, on arraignment, was made to hold up his right hand that the court might judge whether he had been branded previously.—*Notes and Queries.*

## THE EAST WIND.

It is singular that all over the world, or nearly so, men have a ditty similar to that in English—

"For when the wind blows from the east,
It brings no luck to man or beast."

And this is the case whether the east wind be wet or dry, and whether it be due east, or partly north or south. Who that has lived in Lincolnshire, or the East Riding, does not know the chilling effects of an eastern "haase," as it is called (we suppose a corruption of haze)? Who that has lived in Edinburgh does not know the drenching powers of a Scotch mist? Who has not shrunk from the piercing east winds of spring? The south-east wind is the bane of the Mediterranean, and goes far to counteract the genial influences of its mild climate in case of invalids. It enervates the physical system, inducing a lassitude which is disagreeable to persons in health, and very distressing to the sick.

In Malta, the sirocco is worse than in Italy. We could tell that a sirocco was blowing before we got out of bed, by its effects on our nervous system. As the day advanced, the head became giddy, and the body faint. It was impossible to study, or do anything that required mental attention. I have read a sentence over and over and over again, and could not remember what I was reading about. We used to keep any little matters of handiwork to amuse us on a "sirocco day." And it is singular that no paint which was laid on during the prevalence of this wind would ever dry properly. The air is laden with moisture, and the terraces and roofs of houses are as wet as if it rained.

But the *dry* east wind is most celebrated by ancient authors. It is scorching and blighting in the extreme. Both of these qualities are frequently adverted to in the Bible. We read of "their ears, blasted by the east wind;" that "the east wind drieth up her fruit;" "their faces shall sup as the east wind." The vanity of a sinner's works is represented as "filling his belly with the east wind;" and "Ephraim followeth hard after the east wind." Death is described by Job as peculiarly coming in an east wind.

These expressions are fully warranted by facts. The *hamseen* of Egypt and its neighborhood is far more distressing than the *sirocco* of Malta. It also blows from the south-east, but is quite dry. Not a particle of moisture is then in the atmosphere, which literally licks up water, and bakes the human skin. The heat may be intense, the thermometer reaching to upwards of 90° Fahrenheit, but the body cannot perspire. Languor, oppression, and dizziness seize upon the human frame. A most distressing restlessness supervenes. At the same time, the air is filled with particles of the finest sand, which enter the eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, and pores of the skin. This wind generally lasts for only twelve hours. If it were to continue for two or three days, it is said that it would destroy all animate nature, for beasts and birds feel it as well as man, and the vegetable world languishes as if a blight had shrivelled the herbage. This accords with a passage in Ezekiel: "Shall it not utterly wither when the east wind toucheth it?"

In the desert, this wind is the simoon, so fatal to travellers and pilgrims. Whole caravans *have perished by one blast of this awful* scourge. The only mode of escape is to fall down on the face, burying it in the sand till the breath of destruction has passed over. It is generally supposed that the simoon was the means employed by the Lord when He destroyed Sennacherib's army, by smiting in one night "an hundred and four score and five thousand." Of course, some physical means were used to cause death, although it was done as an express interposition of the Lord on behalf of Jerusalem; and perhaps the thickness and security of the king's tent and those of his chief officers saved them from the deadly effects of the "blast" which destroyed the common soldiers, whom they found in the morning to be dead.

In the western parts of Africa, the east wind comes charged with the sand of the desert. It blows very strong and often forms into whirlwinds, raising columns of sand similar to those of water in a waterspout. These eddies are so violent as to unroof houses, twirling the thatched covering of huts high into the air, and playing all kinds of pranks with the works of man. Where no other damage is done, every part of the house is strewed thick with sand in an instant of time. This wind is so scorching that it dries up water as it passes over, cracks every kind of wood, and warps the hardest mahogany, so that boxes refuse to shut, desks to lock, or drawers to open; but the return of moist weather sets them right again. This wind also brings the terrific tornados, which commence and conclude the "rainy season." Its influence is so great that, after blowing for two or three days, it has been felt far out at sea, and vessels sailing two hundred miles from the coast have been covered with fine sand.

The boisterous nature of the east wind is not confined to Africa. The "Levanter" is dreaded in the Mediterranean and Black Seas, where it sometimes blows as furiously as the Euroclydon, described in the Acts of the Apostles. Its destructiveness to vessels was known in the days of David, who said, "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind." Jeremiah prophesied, "I will scatter them as with an east wind." Ezekiel also wrote, "The east wind hath broken thee in the seas."

Thus we find that in Europe, Asia, and Africa, the east wind is pernicious, and often destructive and deadly. The reason of this has yet to be ascertained, if it be possible. We must not murmur at the cold easterly winds of spring; for though this is "trying" to weak lungs and stomachs, it is not so bad as the sea wind in hot climates. It generally blows fiercest in the day-time; rising after the sun, and gradually increasing in violence till after mid-day, when it subsides towards evening, about sunset, and usually leaves a tranquil night. The south and west winds blow hardest during the night season.

☞ When a man has been intemperate so long that shame no longer paints a brush upon his cheek, his liquor generally does it instead.

# PIRATES IN HOT WATER.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

It is nearly forty years since the brig Blue Pigeon of Hallowell, in Maine, was bound from Point Petre, in Guadaloupe, to New Orleans. The brig was commanded by Captain Mangrove, a worthy and intelligent man, who was gifted with a respectable share of Yankee shrewdness, and moreover, was not in the habit of being frightened at shadows. His wife was on board: and a charming young woman was Mrs. Mangrove, whose presence seemed to throw a halo of brilliancy all over and around the vessel. This woman was greatly respected and admired by the sailors, any one of whom would have risked his limbs or life in her service.

Passing along through the Caribbean Sea, within sight of the fertile island of Porto Rico, the rugged outline of St. Domingo was soon visible. Leaving Cape Tiburon, they soon came in sight of Jamaica, on the left; and then again on the right they obtained a glimpse of the high mountains on the southern side of Cuba, the Sierra de Cobra. It was delightful sailing among these seas. The breezes were gentle and balmy; and the surface of the ocean was unruffled. The worthy Captain Mangrove and his fair companion, cheered by the presence of each other, fully appreciated the blessings with which they were favored, and during the week or ten days, in the course of which the brig, propelled by the light trade winds, with studding sails set on both sides, sailed about a thousand miles, this happy couple enjoyed the true poetry of the ocean. No visions of hurricanes, pirates or shipwrecks, intruded on their minds for a moment to lessen their enjoyment by the contemplation of troubles in the distance.

The Blue Pigeon, on her direct route to the strait which separates Cuba from Yucatan, and leads into the Gulf of Mexico, came in sight of the Grand Cayman, an inhabited island of inconsiderable extent, which lies to the westward of Jamaica; and here, the wind dying away, Captain Mangrove boarded an English schooner, bound from Sisal to Kingston in Jamaica, the news which he heard caused some little commotion, and tended to disturb somewhat the tranquillity arising from fancied security from every ill, which until then had reigned throughout the vessel.

Captain Mangrove was informed that a band of pirates had established themselves on the coast of Cuba, near Cape St. Antonio. They were desperate men, who made war upon all unarmed vessels of all nations, to gain plunder and gratify a morbid appetite for blood. They carried on their fiendish work in a large open launch or barge, propelled by sails and oars; and within the last two months had chased several vessels bound to ports in the Gulf of Mexico, which had with difficulty escaped by carrying sail. Others, however, were not so fortunate. There was reason to believe that the pirates had actually boarded and captured more than one unresisting merchantman, and murdered the whole crew. Their mode of proceeding was to pull for their intended victim in light winds; to fire no guns and give no alarm; to range up under the counter, hail the vessel, and give peremptory orders to "heave to and surrender under the pain of instant massacre," then dash quickly along-side, spring on board, do the work of death, rifle the vessel of money and all other articles of value, and then scuttle her, and escape to the shore.

This intelligence, although supposed to be greatly exaggerated, was of a character truly alarming, especially as the Blue Pigeon was not well provided with weapons of defence. Indeed the only engines of destruction, properly so called were, one signal gun, in the shape of a short twelve pound carronade, and a half-dozen old and heavy muskets. There was some powder in the run, but no cannon balls, bullets, boarding-pikes, or cutlasses. Captain Mangrove, however, although he did not repose implicit belief in the Englishman's story, was determined not to be caught napping, and as there was no other way open for him to get to New Orleans, without passing Cape St. Antonio, he made immediate preparations to defend his vessel with the limited means in his power, from the attack of the blood thirsty pirates! He also by his manly bearing, infused a noble spirit among his men, and they, one and all, declared that in case of an attack from pirates, they would rather die bravely defending their lives, than to give up the ship without striking a blow, with the certain prospect of being ruthlessly and deliberately put to death.

Captain Mangrove examined the condition of his armament. The big gun was out, and put in good fighting order. A heavy charge of gunpowder was deposited in its breech, and then it was filled to the muzzle with paving-stones in lieu of cannon-balls. The muskets were fitted with flints and rendered serviceable, and primed and loaded in a manner to make them particularly effective, a handfull of leaden slugs being substituted for bullets.

But Captain Mangrove's efforts did not stop here. He was aware that in case of an attack his most vigorous efforts must be made to keep off his assailants, and disable them before they could get foothold on his decks. With his few men, the complement of the ship's company being only seven, all told, and destitute of pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, he knew that whenever the pirates climbed over the sides of the brig, further exertions would be of no avail, than to sell their lives at the dearest possible rate.

There was a small engine on board the brig, of a kind not unfrequently used in those days for watering gardens; and they were often introduced into ships for the purpose of wetting the sails during light winds. The value of such an instrument in a ship when crossing the Atlantic ocean in the summer season, when dry weather and gentle breezes prevail, is not duly appreciated by ship owners. This engine would contain ten or fifteen gallons of water, and worked briskly by two men could be made to throw a stream sufficient to wet every sail in the ship.

Captain Mangrove determined to convert this engine, which was never intended for a weapon of war, into an engine of destruction. He determined in case a band of cut-throats should rashly attempt to board the Blue Pigeon, to test by means of this friendly engine, the virtues of hot water; and not knowing what time or under what circumstances the brig might be attacked, he at once gave the cook orders to keep a rousing fire in the caboose at all times, by night and by day, until they entered the Gulf of Mexico, and to see that his coppers were filled with salt water.

The officers and men had their particular duties assigned to them whenever it might be necessary to engage the enemy, and were drilled until they thoroughly understood the duties which would be exacted of them. Mrs. Mangrove declared she would not be exempted from special duty, on the approach of danger; that she had as much, nay more, at stake than any one on board, and spurned the idea of being stowed away like a piece of useless lumber, in a stateroom below, out of harm's reach, while her husband and his companions were fighting on deck, exposing their lives for her protection.

A fine breeze sprung up soon after Captain Mangrove had communicated with the English brig; and the Blue Pigeon rapidly approached the spot near which it was supposed the fearful tragedies had been enacted. At sunset the following day, Cape Corrientes was in sight from the mast head. But while the captain was whispering comfort to his wife, and encouraging his crew with the prospect of being able to pass up the strait during the night, and thus give the slip to any gang of pirates who might be prowling round in that vicinity, the wind, to his great mortification, died away, and it continued light and baffling through the night. Notwithstanding Captain Mangrove's exertions to gain over towards the Yucatan shore, as being the safest, daylight revealed the unpleasant fact that Cape St. Antonio was in sight from the deck, being not more than ten or twelve miles off. The wind was still light from the eastward, and there was no prospect of a fresh breeze.

To the great satisfaction of every person on board the Blue Pigeon, there was nothing to be seen on the waters with the exception of a brig far to the northward with all sail set, steering to the westward. Apprehension of danger from pirates began to vanish, and the intelligence of their bloody outrages was looked upon as a myth. But immediately after breakfast, Captain Mangrove, on sweeping the horizon with his glass, discovered a dark speck in the direction of the Cape. He kept silent, however, until he ascertained beyond doubt the character of the object, which become every moment more distinctly visible. At length, in a firm, unfaltering voice, he announced to the anxious ship's company that a boat was coming off from the land!

This announcement caused quite a commotion throughout the vessel. There could be little doubt in regard to the bloody mission of those who directed the movements of that dark speck on the waters. If any doubt existed, it was soon removed. The boat, as it came nearer, was seen to be full of men, and was steering a course directly for the brig.

The wind was still light. Sometimes a flaw or catspaw, swept over the water, and urged the Blue Pigeon along toward the North-West at the rate of two or three knots—then calm succeeding, disappointed the hopes which began to be entertained of escaping without a desperate conflict, from the dreadful fate which threatened them.

Preparations were now made to give the pirate a warm reception. The water was boiling furiously in the caboose—an old broken hatch-bar was thrust into the fire, to be used as a loggerhead to touch off the big gun. This gun was given in charge of Mr. Slinker, the mate, with particular directions to fire as soon after the word should be given as the gun could be brought to bear. He was particularly cautioned to take correct aim, and deliver the whole broadside between wind and water.

The engine was ready in the waist, and one of the men, a stout fellow, was stationed at the brakes along with Mrs. Mangrove, whose courage, unfailing strength and coolness, even in the anxious hour, seemed, as much as the confident bearing and cheerful words of the captain, to encourage the men to come boldly up to the work, and by noble resistance, beat off the desperadoes. To the cook was assigned the important duty of keeping the engine supplied with water, and to look after the loggerhead. Mike Finchly, an old man-of-war's-man, who had been a sharp-shooter in the main-top of the Blenheim, in the battle of St. Vincent, under Admiral Jervis, was put in charge of the helm, and with two others of the crew, was entrusted with the important duty of pouring in upon the coxswain and others in *the stern of the barge*, a shower of leaden pellets from the half dozen huge muskets, which, already primed and cocked, were leaning against the binnacle.

Captain Mangrove reserved to himself, in addition to the general superintendence of a commander, an important special duty, the judicious execution of which success mainly depended, viz., to direct the stream of boiling water in that direction which would most effectually scald the rascals, and deprive them of all appetite for rapine and murder or power of resistance, on the ground that boiling water, judiciously and copiously administered causes intolerable pain, and like conscience, "makes cowards of us all!"

The piratical boat, pulled by a dozen powerful men, was rapidly coming up with the brig. There were from twenty to twenty-five men in the boat, all clad in colored shirts and white trowsers, with bandana kerchiefs around their heads; each with a brace of pistols stuck in his girdle, and a cutlass by his side. One tall fellow stood up in the stern of the boat, and seemed to be giving directions to the others, while another formidable looking ruffian in the bow, with one foot planted on the stem, and a drawn cutlass in his hand, stood ready, and was apparently impatient to spring over the side of the brig.

The boat was in the wake of the brig; but as a breeze at this time sprang up, it gained upon the Blue Pigeon only at the rate of some three knots an hour. When near enough to be heard distinctly by the pirates, Captain Mangrove hailed the boat through his large speaking trumpet, and peremptorily ordered the crew to keep off, to pull away in some other direction, and that he should fire on them if they attempted to come alongside!

He was replied to by a shout of derision—and the tall man in the stern seats, in tolerable English sternly ordered him to heave to at once, and let them come on board, or they would murder every man. At the same time cut-throat at the bow waived his cutlass to intimidate, and a *blood red flag, attached to a short flag-staff, was displayed from the stern of the boat!*"

"That's enough!" said the Captain, "I think we can pepper those fellows now, with a clear conscience!"

He ordered the men to "stand by."

"Now, luff!" said he to the man at the helm. "So—steady. Put your helm amidships! Now, seize your musket, Mike, and give a good account of the fellow at the stern."

The course of the vessel having been changed, the piratical barge was brought about four points on the starboard quarter, but heading towards the fore chains of the brig. Wisely measuring the distance with a practised eye, Captain Mangrove gave the word.

"Now then, play away! Fire, Mike, fire! Mr. Slinker, watch your chance, and let them have it!"

A well directed volley from three muskets, instantly followed by another of the same character, knocked over the coxswain and the tall fellow who appeared to act as commander of the pirate gang, and severely wounded several others!

A hideous scream of mingled pain and indignation was raised by the pirates, but was changed into a chorus of undiluted agony, when a stream of boiling water was poured like a torrent into the bows of the boat, upsetting the fierce desperado who stood ready for boarding and sweeping over and among the boat's crew with commendable impartiality, producing the most intolerable torture, causing all to drop their oars, and some by an involuntary impulse to jump overboard. The welkin resounded with howls of anguish and outcries of despair as loud and terrific as if ten thousand demons were undergoing a screw from the *tongs of holy St. Dunstan!*

The boat, now broadside to, presented a fair mark for Slinker. Taking his aim with the utmost care, he signed to the cook to apply the red hot hatch-bar to the priming of the big gun! A tremendous explosion followed, and the result was most successful. The contents of the gun struck the side of the boat, nearly amidships, and passed entirely through, shattered several planks and made an awful hole at the water's edge, through which the water rushed rapidly.

The progress of the sinking barge was now stopped. It lay like a log on the water, and the brig, under the influence of the breeze, was fast leaving it astern, but Captain Mangrove most unpityingly continued to pour out, for the benefit of the pirates, an unpitying stream of hot water, as long as a drop could reach them; and Mike Finchley and his gang of sharp-shooters fired upon the miserable wretches as long as a head could be seen above the waves!

The Blue Pigeon kept on her course through the *Gulf of Mexico, and arrived in safety at* New Orleans. Thus by the exercise of courage and skill on the part of her commander, with head to devise, as well as hands to execute, that vessel was kept from the hands of the despoilers, the lives of all persons on board were saved, and a band of pirates of the most ferocious character, was broken up, and totally annihilated!

Captain Mangrove, Mr. Slinker, and the whole ship's company, received much praise for the bold and successful manner in which they accomplished the work of destruction. Mrs. Mangrove was particularly complimented on the noble spirit she displayed on the trying occasion. Yet, after all, her praiseworthy conduct only added one more to the thousands of illustrations going to show that a woman, admired for her feminine graces, her beauty and refinement, in times of real danger will often prove equal to the emergency, however great, and manifest a degree of coolness, resolution and daring which are seldom equalled, perhaps never surpassed, by the "lords of creation."—*Boston Journal.*

## THE DEATH OF JAMES OTIS.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican furnishes the following interesting account of the death of the patriot James Otis:—

At one time he remarked to a member of the family: "My dear sister, I hope when God Almighty, in His righteous providence, shall take me out of time into eternity, that it will be by a flash of lightning." Speedily was his desire fulfilled. Says William Tudor, his biographer: "On Friday afternoon, the 23d day of May, 1783, a heavy cloud suddenly arose, and the greater part of the family were collected in one of the rooms to wait till the shower should have passed. Otis, with his cane in one hand, stood against the post of the door, which opened from this apartment into the front entry. He was in the act of telling the assembled group a story, when an explosion took place, which seemed to shake the solid earth, and he fell, without a struggle or a word, instantaneously dead. This flash of lightning was the first that came from the cloud, and was not followed by any others that were remarkable. There were seven or eight persons in the room, but no other was injured. No mark of any kind could be found on Otis, nor was there the slightest change or convulsion on his features."

THE COQUETTE.—There is an Eastern fable of a magician who discovered by his incantations that the philosopher's stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He therefore proceeded along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit upon the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But alas! he had become so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him for ever. We think this story well allegorises the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts that at length she throws away the right one from pure force of habit.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

You look to the future, on above,
I only look to the past.
You are dreaming your first dream of love,
And I have dreamed my last.

You watch for feet that are yet to tread
With yours on a shining track;
I hear but the echoes, dull and dread,
Of the feet that come not back.

You are pacing up on the flowery slope
I left so long ago;
Your rainbows shine through the drops of hope,
And mine through the drops of woe.

Night glides in its visions sweet away,
And at morn you live them o'er;
From my dreams by night, and my dreams by day,
I have waked to dream no more.

You are reaching forth, with a spirit glad,
To the hopes that are still untried;
I am burying the hopes I had,
That have slipped from my arms and died.

And I pray that the blessedest things there be
On your future may descend;
But, alas, for mine! it were well for me
If I made a peaceful end!

☞ To make an oyster stew, when you have no fire, and no money to buy coal with, all you have to do is to put your oysters in a bowl with some water, and stir them round and round. Pour the water suddenly into a saucer, and you will find it there with the oysters-too.

# NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

## The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

DID NOT SEE ANY CHANGE.—Is it not to be feared that observation, as an essential part of medicine, has been declining?

Which of us has not heard fifty times, from one or another, a nurse, or a friend of the sick, aye, and a medical friend too, the following remark:—"So A is worse, or B is dead. I saw him the day before; I thought him so much better; there certainly was no appearance from which one could have expected so sudden (!) a change." I have never heard any one say, though one would think it the more natural thing, "There *must* have been *some* appearance, which I should have seen if I had but looked; let me try and remember what there was, that I may observe another time." No, this is not what people say. They boldly assert that there was nothing to observe, not that their observation was at fault.

Let people who have to observe sickness and death look back and try to register in their observation the appearances which have preceded relapse, attack, or death, and not assert that there were none, or that there were not the right ones.*

A want of the habit of observing conditions and an inveterate habit of taking averages are each of them often equally misleading.

Men whose profession like that of medical men leads them to observe only, or chiefly, palpable and permanent organic changes are often just as wrong in their opinion of the result as those who do not observe at all. For instance, there is a broken leg; the surgeon has only to look at it once to know; it will not be different if he sees it in the morning to what it would have been had he seen it in the evening. And in whatever conditions the patient is, or is likely to be, there will still be the broken leg, until it is set. The same with many organic diseases. An experienced physician has but to feel the pulse once, and he knows that there is aneurism which will kill some time or other.

But with the great majority of cases, there is nothing of the kind; and the power of forming any correct opinion as to the result must entirely depend upon an inquiry into all the conditions in which the patient lives. In a complicated state of society in large towns, death, as every one of great experience knows, is far less often produced by any one organic disease than by some illness, after many other diseases, producing just the sum of exhaustion necessary for death. There is nothing so absurd, nothing so misleading as the verdict one so often hears: So-and-so has no organic disease—there is no reason why he should not live to extreme old age; sometimes the clause is added, sometimes not: Provided he has quiet, good food, good air, &c., &c., &c.: the verdict is repeated by ignorant people *without* the latter clause; or there is no possibility of the conditions of the latter clause being obtained; and this, the *only* essential part of the whole, is made of no effect. I have heard a physician, deservedly eminent, assure the friends of a patient of his recovery. Why? Because he had now prescribed a course, every detail of which the patient had followed for years. And because he had forbidden a course which the patient could not by any possibility alter.†

Undoubtedly a person of no scientific knowledge whatever but of observation and experience in these kinds of conditions, will be able to arrive at a much truer guess as to the probable duration of life of members of a family or inmates of a house, than the most scientific physician to whom the same persons are brought to have their pulse felt; no inquiry being made into their conditions.

### CHANCES OF LIFE.

In Life Insurance and such like societies, were they instead of having the person examined by the medical man, to have the houses, conditions, ways of life, of these persons examined, at how much truer results would they arrive! W. Smith appears a fine hale man, but it might be known that the next cholera epidemic he runs a bad chance. Mr. and Mrs. J. are a strong healthy couple, but it might be known that they live in such a house, in such a part of London so near the river that they will kill four-fifths of their children; which of the children will be the ones to survive might also be known.

"AVERAGE RATE OF MORTALITY" TELLS US ONLY THAT SO MANY PER CENT. WILL DIE. OBSERVATION MUST TELL US WHICH IN THE HUNDRED THEY WILL BE WHO WILL DIE.—Averages again seduce us away from minute observation. "Average mortalities" merely tell that so many per cent. die in this town and so many in that, per annum. But whether A or B will be among these, the "average rate" of course does not tell. We know, say, that from 22 to 24 per 1,000 will die in London next year. But minute inquiries into conditions enable us to know that in such a district, nay, in such a street,—or even on one side of that street, in such a particular house, or even on one floor of that particular house, will be the excess of mortality, that is, the person will die who ought not to have died before old age.

Now, would it not very materially alter the opinion of whoever were endeavoring to form one, if he knew that from that floor, of that house, of that street the man came.

Much more precise might be our observations even than this, and much more correct our conclusions.

It is well known that the same names may be seen constantly recurring on workhouse books for generations. That is, the persons were born and brought up, and will be born and brought up, generation after generation, in the conditions which make paupers. Death and disease are like the workhouse, they take from the same family, the same house, or in other words, the same conditions. Why will we not observe what they are?

The close observer may safely predict that such a family, whether its members marry or not, will become extinct; that such another will degenerate morally and physically. But who learns the lesson? On the contrary, it may be well known that the children die in such a house at the rate of 8 out of 10; one would think that nothing more need be said; for how could Providence speak more distinctly? yet *nobody listens, the family goes on living there till it dies out, and then some other family* takes it. Neither would they listen "if one rose from the dead."

I will even go further and say, that in diseases which have their origin in the feeble or irregular action of some function, and not in organic change, it is quite an accident if the doctor who sees only once a day, and generally at the same time, can form any but a negative idea of its real condition. In the middle of the day, when such a patient has been refreshed by light and air, by his tea, his beef-tea, and his brandy, by hot bottles to his feet, by being washed and by clean linen, you can scarcely believe that he is the same person as lay with a rapid fluttering pulse, with puffed eye-lids, with short breath, cold limbs, and unsteady hands, this morning. Now what is a nurse to do in such a case? Not cry, "Lord, bless you, sir, why you'd have thought he were a dying all night." This may be true, but it is not the way to impress with the truth a doctor, more capable of forming a judgment from the facts, if he did but know them, than you are. What he wants is not your opinion, however respectfully given, but your facts. In all diseases it is important, but in diseases which do not run a distinct and fixed course, it is not only important, it is essential that the facts the nurse alone can observe, should be accurately observed, and accurately reported to the doctor.

I must direct the nurse's attention to the extreme variation there is not unfrequently in the pulse of such patients during the day. A very common case is this: Between 3 and 4 A. M., the pulse become quick, perhaps 140, and so thready it is not like a pulse at all, but like a string vibrating just underneath the skin. After this the patient gets no more sleep. About mid-day the pulse has come down to 80; and though feeble and compressible, is a very respectable pulse. At night, if the patient has had a day of excitement, it is almost imperceptible. But, if the patient has had a good day, it is stronger and steadier, and not quicker than at mid-day. This is a common history of a common pulse; and others, equally varying during the day, might be given. Now, in inflammation, which may almost always be detected by the pulse, in typhoid fever, which is accompanied by the low pulse that nothing will raise, there is no such great variation. And doctors and nurses become accustomed not to look for it. The doctor indeed cannot. But the variation is in itself an important feature.

Cases like the above often "go off rather suddenly," as it is called, from some trifling ailment of a few days, which just makes up the sum of exhaustion necessary to produce death. And everybody cries, Who would have thought it? except the observing nurse, if there is one, who had always expected the exhaustion to come, from which there would be no rally, because she knew the patient had no capital in strength on which to draw, if he failed for a few days to make his barely daily income in sleep and nutrition.

I have often seen really good nurses distressed, because they could not impress the doctor with the real danger of their patient; and quite provoked because the patient "would look" either "so much better" or "so much worse" than he really is "when the doctor was there." The distress is very legitimate, but it generally arises from the nurse not having the power of laying clearly and shortly before the doctor the facts from which she derives her opinion, or from the doctor being hasty and inexperienced, and not capable of eliciting them. A man who really cares for his patients, will soon learn to ask for and appreciate the information of a nurse, who is at once a careful observer and a clear reporter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* It falls to few ever to have had the opportunity of observing the different aspects which the human face puts on at the sudden approach of certain forms of death by violence; and as it is a knowledge of little use, I only mention it here as being the most startling example of what I mean. In the nervous temperament the face becomes pale (this is the only *recognized* effect); in the sanguine temperament purple; in the bilious yellow, or every manner of color in patches. Now, it is generally supposed that paleness is the one indication of almost any violent change in the human being, whether from terror, disease, or anything else. There can be no more false observation. Granted, it is the one recognized livery, as I have said—*de rigueur* in novels, but nowhere else.

† I have known two cases, the one of a man who intentionally and repeatedly displaced a dislocation, and was kept and petted by all the surgeons; the other of one who was pronounced to have nothing the matter with him, there being no organic change perceptible, but who died within the week. In both these cases, it was the nurse who, by accurately pointing out what she had accurately observed, to the doctors, saved the one case from persevering in a fraud, and the other from being discharged when actually in a dying state.

## HINTS TO FAIR READERS.

There are many failings by which our readers may destroy the happiness of courtship. Some young ladies, who are neither jealous nor boasting, make their suitors very uncomfortable by not knowing their own minds. If they are engaged to a suitor in any particular occupation, they wish they had chosen one of another calling, and so on. But this double-mindedness is particularly dangerous when, no doubt for some evident advantage, a young girl has engaged herself to a man who is considerably her senior.

If Miss Sophia Jones had intended to listen to the false argument, that there is no sympathy but between people of about the same age, she should not have accepted Mr. R———, head partner in a thriving business, who had been very kind to her father in his last illness, and had since his death been a true friend to herself and her mother.

Mr. R——— was forty years of age, and Sophia was one and-twenty.

She had no fortune, nor did she expect any; and when a man of Mr. R———'s importance first showed his preference for her, she was very much pleased indeed. But, unfortunately, she was afterwards thrown into the company of some thoughtless, ill disposed young girls, who tried to conceal their envy of Sophia's good fortune by ridiculing the age of her suitor—laughing at his quiet style of dress and his slight tendency to baldness.

Now, a lady about to marry should never listen quietly to disparaging remarks on the object of her choice, much less should she indulge in them herself. This was actually what she was doing, in company with the young ladies mentioned, when Mr. R———, who intended to surprise her with a basket of early strawberries from his garden, came up the lane, just behind the bower in which the giddy girls were assembled.

"I wish Mr. R——— had proposed to my aunt, instead of to me," said Sophia, "he might still have been the friend of the family, and you all know there would have been nothing absurd in his becoming my uncle. I cannot bear to marry a man that my friends laugh at." Soon after this silly remark, a servant came to announce the arrival of Mr. R———; so Sophia took leave of her false friends, and went to meet her suitor.

The offered strawberries were accepted with thanks. The delightful season of early summer was discussed and the news of the day commented on; but no word of love was uttered by the visitor—not an allusion to the marriage, though it was to take place the next month. At length he took a friendly leave.

Days passed on, and he did not call, nor did the bride-elect receive any communication from him.

Sophia's mother thought he might be unusually occupied with customers, but Sophia herself began to be very uneasy.

How she missed her lover's delicate attentions, his affectionate devotion, his intellectual converse!

*She began to think it would be a great grief to her if he really did* propose to her aunt. She actually felt as if it would be a death-blow to lose him.

Her heart throbbing and her hand trembling, she penned a few lines to Mr. R———, begging him to tell the cause of his long absence.

He brought his own answer in person. He calmly told Sophia of the remarks he had chanced to overhear, and added that he released her from her engagement, agreeing with her that the disparity in their years was too great.

But the burst of grief which Sophia could not restrain on hearing this announcement, shook Mr. R———'s resolution, and as we are very open to argument from those we love, he at length became convinced that he and Sophia were well suited to each other.

Still, in the estrangement Sophia had suffered very intensely, and from that time forth she knew her own mind, and did not allow her young companions to interfere with what concerned her alone.

Now, although we are convinced that Mr. R——— was likely to make Sophia very happy, we do not in a general way approve of disparity in age. We think the husband should not be more than five or six years older than the wife; but after all, good principles, good sense, and good temper contribute more to the happiness of the wedded state, than well-proportioned ages, affluent circumstances, or personal qualifications.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman in Jersey, was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner when next visited, take the tongs in her hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, *without uttering a word.*

A day or two afterwards, the woman came again to her pastor, with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged.

Snap.

"Do speak; I shall die if you don't speak," and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic of silence.

It is poor work scolding a deaf man, it is profitless beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party.

THE RING FINGER.—In the ancient ritual of marriage, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words, "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the forefinger, adding, "and of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "and of the Holy Ghost;" finally he left it as now, on the fourth finger, with the closing word "Amen."

## APRIL MEMORIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

My heart, oh, mother, is full to-night
Of the beautiful vanished past,
There are faces that dawn on my spirit-sight,
And tones on the twilight blast,
Yea! voices that float from the starry shore
That faded from earth long ago,
And pale hands that beckon me evermore
Where the islands of heaven glow!

All the barques afloat on those shining seas—
The stars of the radiant night—
Bear each an Angel of God—and these
Are robed in glorious white!
And they were *ours* in the long ago,
But they fell from our arms away,
Some when the woodlands were dim with snow,
And some in the blush of May.

I know that the meadows are all a-shine
With the dandelions gold,
Where they hid from these weary eyes of mine,
A lamb of our little fold—
I know that the woods are a living joy—
The greenest that ever grew—
And violets spring from the dust of the boy,
As sweet as his eyes—and as blue!

But, oh! for the dimpled rose-bud of a hand
That only in Eden was blown!
For the wee footprints in the golden sand
Of a river to us unknown!
Has he grown to the height of the angels of God,
And the power to *see* and *know*?
Or is he the *baby* that under the sod
We buried so long ago?

* * * * * *

There's another—I hear her spirit-tone,
Borne faint on the dying breeze—
She is tracking the evening star alone,
In the path of the Pleiades!
She bears a palm in her virgin breast,
A lily-bud in her hand,
And she walks in the midst of the ever blest,
In the far-away Eden land.

'Tis a shadowy shape—like the pallid gleams
Of a sunset's wandering lights,
You would call it a cloud—I know by my dreams
'Tis the Angel that guards my nights;
Her gentle voice and her darling face
Are ever about my bed;
She touches my sleep with the tender grace
Of a spring-time forever dead!

Her mist-white fingers come and go
In the waves of my nut-brown hair,
When her great blue eyes and her brow of snow
Lean out of the deeps of air—
And whenever the star of the evening moore
His barque in the sunset skies,
I know *she* has come through the jasper doors
Of the cities of paradise!

* * * * * *

I cover my face, and shiver and cry
In the dead of the solemn night,
When an awful vision of peace goes by
In a glimmer of phantom white—
Its shadowy face is lit by a smile,
Outshining the cloudless skies,
It has caught the glow of the beautiful isle,
Of a summer that never dies!

I shiver and cry for the bitter loss
Of a childhood cruelly slain—
For the hope that died on the fiery cross
Of an orphan's ruthless pain—
For, alas! the winds of the spring-tide blow
Over his resting-place,
And drifts and drifts of the winter snow
Have lain on his buried face!

For years and years 'neath a carven stone,
And a silver maple and birch,
The father we loved hath lain alone
In the wake of the old gray church—
And daisy-blooms, white as the autumn frost,
And the butter-cups royal gold,
Make fair, for the sake of our beautiful lost,
The roof of his house so cold.

Oh, mother! the blossoming gifts we gave
To Death, on that shrine of love!
The flowers we sowed, till the lonely grave
Was blue as the skies above!
Now the violets are sprinkled by unseen hands,
In the wake of the old gray church,
And the head-stone is sunken that leaning stands
With its face to the silver birch.

The delicate blush of the "mountain-sweet"
Is tangled among the snow
Of the roses, run wild at his head and feet—
We planted them long ago;
And the maple and birch together lean,
And shadow the hillock o'er,
But the childrens' faces come not between,
As they did in the days of yore.

And the childrens' voices forever are mute,
That mourned in that lonesome place,
The reverent hand and the loitering foot
Have gone with the summer's grace—
With the grace of the summer that turned the mould
Of his new grave into flowers,
By the wonderful alchemy untold
Of the mystical sun and showers.
But, oh! of all graves that were ever made
On the land, or within the sea,
Our father's grave, in the maple shade,
The loneliest seems to me!

*Saint Louis, Mo.*

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SINGULAR ORIGIN OF A NAME.—Strange is the origin of the name Macpherson, though now as common among the canny Scots as Williams or Bowen in Wales, or as hops or cherries in Kent. During the reign of David I. of Scotland, it appears that a younger brother of the chief of the then powerful clan Chattan espoused the clerical life, and in due course of time became Abbot of Kingussie. His elder brother, whether he fell in battle or died in his bed, somehow or other died childless, and the chieftainship unexpectedly devolved on the venerable abbot. Suiting the action to the word, or rather suiting his convictions to his circumstances, the monk procured from the Pope the necessary dispensation, and the Abbot of Kingussie became the husband of the fair daughter of the Thane of Calder. A swarm of little Kingussies naturally followed, and the good people of Inverness-shire as naturally called them Mac'Phersons, *i. e.*, "*the sons of the parson.*" After this, who can say, "What's in a name?"

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# HAUNTED;

OR,

# THE THIRD WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA HOLLAND.

## IV.

*Another Marriage. A Ghost. The Resolve of Mrs. Doom.*

"Is it possible that dinner is almost ready?" cried Annie Goldby, hurrying in at the sitting-room door; "I had no idea I'd been gone so long—but then I've had such an adventure!—worth all the time it took. Don't you believe Spitfire ran off with me, the bad thing! and who do you think caught his reins and drew him in with a jerk? Like to have unseated me, too; but perhaps it saved my life—I don't know."

"What are you talking about, Annie," asked her father, who by the time the last word fell from her lips, had raised his eyes from the book he had been reading. Run away with, were you? That horse will be the death of somebody, yet. Be seated; how heated you look! Annie, when will you sober down into the woman you ought to be, by this time."

"Oh! father; you know I am only just little fifteen, and how *can* I be old and steady, I'd like to know?"

"But come, you hav'nt tried to guess who it was that saved my life, perhaps."

"Saved your life; why, Annie, are you really in earnest? Have you been run away with?"

"Indeed I have, father, and such a race! It would have been fun, only I was a little frightened. It was fortunate that Mr. Trevor saw me."

"Trevor—what Mr. Trevor, child?"

"Why, there isn't more than one, father, you know—the Trevor who lost his two wives—poor things—that died so exactly alike. He's a splendid looking man though, father, isn't he? I never should take him for a cold, or a cruel man."

"Trevor the millionaire—hum! You should not heed the idle tales of the neighborhood, Annie. From what I have seen of Mr. Trevor, I conclude that he is an incomparable gentleman. As for his wives, they were delicate, sickly things, when he married them. The last one I have no doubt died from the effects of our rigorous climate; the change was too great for her.

"Well you know, father, people say there's a curse on the house,—that there must be, or Mr. Trevor wouldn't be so different from anybody else. He is melancholy, and his last wife was afraid of him. Some people think that insanity was in the family."

"I never heard of it, and don't believe it," said her father, sturdily. "From what I have seen of Mr. Trevor, as I said before, I think him a superior young man."

"Young, father?" queried Annie.

"I call him young, he may be thirty—not more. Poor fellow! with all his wealth he has had sore trials. *His father* died when he was seven, his mother when he was nine or ten—and he has seen many funeral hearses start from that grand old house."

"Poor fellow!" echoed Annie, pityingly.

At that moment dinner was announced.

The next day Doctor Ward, a young cousin of Annie's just commencing to practise, called at the parsonage. Annie met him with her bright smile.

"Where's the dominie?" he asked.

"Gone to make calls," said his cousin.

"Annie, suppose I bring a friend to dinner—it will be all right, won't it?"

"Perfectly so," said the young girl—"and I'll make you some custards—I know you like them—I'll go right about it now."

The custards detained her longer than she had intended—but then they were delicious—she knew her cousin would be pleased with her skill. She had only time to dress herself and hasten down stairs at the sound of the dinner bell. Her father, her cousin and his friend were just taking seats. One glance—her eyes sparkled in spite of herself—the stranger was none other than Richard Trevor. The young doctor, presenting him, was delighted that they had met before, and all things went on smoothly. The custards were praised—Annie received the credit with girlish, modest pleasure, and the good dominie seemed delighted with the rare conversational talent of his new friend. After dinner, Annie tried her best to entertain the company.

She brought out games—she talked mineralogy "like a book"—and sang like an angel. Richard was passionately fond of music, and strangely enough neither Rose nor Estelle (the name of his second wife) could sing. But Annie, with her superb health and full high chest, might have outwarbled the birds if she had tried. Richard lost the gloominess of countenance that had become habitual to him—at least, for the time. He found himself before he knew it, talking of trees and flowers, pet birds, squirrels, rabbits. Then he went with Annie to see her favorites, and praised the snow white Erminia—the prettiest rabbit in the world; and caressed a ball of a kitten of the true Malta breed, so that he quite took Annie's heart. And time passed on, deepening the thoughtful beauty of Annie's eyes, deepening also her love for one who had become very dear to her, so that on the day she was seventeen, she stood in the sweet grace of maiden humility before her father, saying,

"Father, he has chosen me for his wife."

And the reply was, in a tremulous voice, broken with tears, "God grant you may be a happy one. I give you up, entirely."

The bridal was very unostentatious, only a service in the church—a solemn service it was—a parting of tender ties as well as a joining of solemn bonds. They gave a breakfast, and near noon set out on a short bridal tour. Meanwhile the Hall had been completely refurnished on the ground floor, as had the bridal-chamber. Richard would have left this house where he had seen so much suffering, but which, nevertheless, was very dear to him, but Annie was unwilling. She liked the stately old place, and entered it on her return from their travels, with a laugh on her lips. Richard remembered that both Rose and Estelle had come under the portals with tear-filled eyes, and augured happiness from this omen.

Meantime there was quite a stir in town and country. Trevor the millionaire had married after all a simple, unpretending village girl who brought him no fortune, and whose father was a poor minister. He was sick of fine-lady wives, they (the gossips) supposed, having had such a wretched experience—and doubtless thought to rear a happy family, yet. They hoped the poor man might not be disappointed, though they somehow pitied his wife, too. *They* wouldn't have been willing to make the trial, still, the third time—it is said—never fails, and they contented themselves with looking wise.

"This is the housekeeper, my dear,—Mrs. Doom," said Richard, as that stately personage appeared. Annie seemed reading the face before her with her clear, blue eyes—she held out her hand, not cordially, almost unwillingly.

"You like her, do you not?" asked Richard when they were alone.

"No—I do not," said Annie, candidly and with decision. "Her countenance is not one that I can trust, though it is singularly attractive—I could never make a friend of her, never."

Richard liked this; he had been astonished at the influence this woman had exerted over his other wives; he breathed freer as she finished.

"Now you are sorry I don't admire her, I know," said Annie, looking over her shoulder—"Richard, for heaven's sake," she screamed, "who was that?"

"What do you mean, Annie?" her husband was working busily at the stopper of a cologne bottle which refused to come out. He sprang to her side, passed his arm around her waist. She trembled excessively; her breathing was hurried; all the color had gone out of her cheeks.

"Why, my darling, what has frightened you so?" he asked, himself perplexed.

"Oh! I saw—just there—a—but it is foolish to tell you—it must have been an illusion—na," she added, with strong emphasis, "it could *not* have been; I saw it; I am sure I saw it."

"Tell me what you saw, my love; perhaps I can explain it to you," he said, gently.

"A face; a woman at that glass door. The curtain was lifted. She was dressed in white; she—was—oh! Richard—dead, or seemed to be—shroud and all; oh! dear," her head fell on his shoulder.

"My Annie, it is impossible; you are disturbed, excited; such things as you may fear never make their appearance in the day time. Nobody could be in that part of the house; nobody enters there but my servant, Harvey. It was an illusion; you have both read and heard of such things. An experienced optician might explain it to you; it was probably that picture there on the wall, dressed in white, the long, fair hair and faded eyes may have suggested—"

"Never mind, Richard, I do not care to talk of it; it *did* look like the picture, but I tell you the curtain was lifted; I saw it, and the dead white fingers."

Her husband gently held his hand before her lips, and playfully insisted that she should think no more about it. So that was the first impression the new wife received; the old house was haunted, after all; and more fearful still, the apparitions came in the day time. No wonder Richard had a return of his old fears, though he searched the place carefully that afternoon, to be sure that no trick had been played. The weeks wore on, however, and Annie forgot the event, or remembered it as a trick some disordered fancy had played her. She never mentioned it, however, and if there had been cold, gray ghosts in the house, they could hardly have withstood the bright, sunny smiles, the ringing bird-like voice of the new bride as she moved about the house.

"Strong nerved is she," muttered the housekeeper in her room, "she'll be harder to break in than the others, but it must be done."

"Please, 'm," said a small, weak voice that sounded from an ante-room near by.

"Well, child, what is it?" cried the housekeeper, impatiently.

"Mayn't I put my sewing away? I've got a dreadful pain in my head."

"Come here," was the response, and there appeared at the door a thin, meagre girl, almost a skeleton, and so lividly pale that there seemed to be no blood in her slender body. Her eyes were hollow and marked by deep circles, her lips were gray and pinched.

"If you can't do more for me I shall let you go home on your mother again. You are forever complaining," said the housekeeper, sternly.

"Please, 'm, it's that," replied the weak voice.

"It's what?" asked the housekeeper, sharply.

"Wanting to go out, I guess, wanting to go home and see them sometimes so much."

There was pathetic, imploring earnestness in the last two words.

"Either go and stay, and be sick and starve, or be contented here," said the housekeeper, in a harsh, unpleasant voice. "They wanted you to come. I give you plenty to eat, don't I?"

"Yes," was the answer, in a dull voice.

"Very well; then be contented, and do what I wish you to do, and I'll take care of you. Go lie down on the lounge till your head is better."

The thin figure disappeared, and the housekeeper was soon busied again.

## V.

*Annie's Courage Shaken, but not Overpowered.*

"I don't believe in such things, Mrs. Doom," but even as she spoke, Annie's heart quaked. The housekeeper stood at the door after she had received some orders for the day.

"You can't help it if you stay here long," was the reply; "poor Mr. Trevor! I pity him."

"Pray, why should you?" asked Annie, almost haughtily.

"Because I do; he is evidently followed," was the reply.

"By whom?"

"By his wives, I guess," responded the other, in a cautious whisper, coming forward a little, and closing the door. "I make bold to say that the sights seen, and the sounds heard, killed the poor things, his wives."

"Nonsense," ejaculated Annie, but her cheek paled. "Pray, do you hear noises and see sights?"

"Ah, madam, that I do, and of the deadliest kind."

"Then I wonder you look so fresh and well! You bear up under it marvellously," was Annie's reply. The sarcasm touched the woman; she grew red in the face.

"I'm of a different constitution, and not afraid of such things," she answered, her chin quivering as she spoke.

"Oh! and I have an excellent constitution, thanks to my training," said Annie, resolutely; "all is if I see anything out of the usual order of things I shall try to get used to it, as you have."

"That's the best way," said the housekeeper, with a sickly smile, "nothing like having pluck in all kinds of danger. It was very hard to see the two poor things fade away as they did, sinking so gradually in the tomb. And the strangest part of it was that if they told Mr. Trevor, they were haunted almost to death, and he, too, so they kept it to themselves. I never told them of the rumor I used to hear, for I knew it would shock them terribly, but it's a strange fact that, ever since, Mr. Richard attends all the inquests about, and can't seem to rest easy when there is one going on."

"Pray, what was the rumor?" asked Annie, off her guard, and betraying an excessive anxiety.

"Oh! you musn't ask; I oughtn't to have mentioned it; I wouldn't for the world say any more. Mr. Richard, why I should lose my place; he'd turn me away, and I'm so fond of the old Hall, it would break my heart."

The woman had subsided from the gossip to the stately housekeeper again. Very dexterously she had thrown a few vile seeds into the heart of her listener, that might take root and grow balefully, overshadowing every good thing.

For weeks there was a question ever on Annie's lips, but to which she never gave form—"*what was that rumor?*" and could it concern her husband? Unfortunately Annie was naturally somewhat jealously inclined, but who could distrust one so fond, so seemingly good and pure?

"Did you go to that inquest?' Annie asked one day, when her husband came in late.

"How did you know there was an inquest, Annie?" he asked, evading her question.

"I read of the poor man who was so dreadfully killed—*did* you go to the inquest?"

"Yes, Annie, I did; why?"

"Nothing; only it appears to me that you have a strange taste," was the demure reply.

"I have—rather strange, in some respects," he answered, smiling a little, "but you must say that in one thing at least I had good taste."

"What was that?" asked Annie.

"In choosing my wife," he replied; then bending an earnest glance upon her, he said, hurriedly,

"Annie, you are pale—paler than I have ever seen you before. What is the matter?"

"I don't know what you want to attend inquests for," she said, almost pettishly. "What is there interesting in such sights? I don't see."

"To me they are sometimes full of interest," he said with a peculiar intonation of the voice, and emphasis on his own personality; "but, dearest Annie, if it is really going to affect your happiness, I'll forego them—to be sure I will."

"Oh! it's nothing to me, if it suits you, only it seems as if it must be so very disagreeable."

"Will you sing for me, Annie?" he asked, when they had drawn the window curtains for the evening.

"If you will please excuse me to night," she said with a sad voice, a weary manner, and drew back a little.

Richard looked at her long and earnestly. "God help me!" he thought; "just so they began: is the curse working?"

"If you are not really well, Annie," he said, "of course I must excuse you."

"I am not very well," was the reply.

Richard got up and walked back and forth for a few moments.

"Annie," said he, stopping short, a moment after, "I wish you'd take a little journey with me. I am going to settle some difficulty between my agents and tenants, on the Bristol estate. It will be quite a pretty piece of travelling—some beautiful country to see. Come, get ready and start with me to-morrow."

"So soon? I could not, possibly. Indeed I have no inclination to travel in any way; how long shall you be gone?"

"Not three days if you do not accompany me; an indefinite time, if you do."

"I had rather not go, Richard—I shall be very lonesome—but you'll be back soon."

The man had actually no heart to urge her, for had not his urgings been always in vain? What reason had he to expect that his arguments had any force in them? Was there not already a change in his merry, happy, singing wife? Had they not been married nearly six months, the time his torments invariably began? Must he witness again a gradual distrust, a slow, deadly life-consuming of his dearest hopes? What right had he to happiness? Why had he dared to wed this young, blooming, joyous creature, only to crush out her vitality in some mysterious way, though all unconsciously?

As for Annie, she had yielded to the strange fascination of the house. She would bravely see what was to be seen; hear with her own ears, what was to be heard; for sights and sounds were more frequent when Richard was away—so she had been told.

He said at parting, as he kissed her tenderly,

"Annie, if you get lonesome, promise me that you will go and stay with your father."

"I promise you," she said, the tears shining on her lashes.

"And, Annie, don't hear much from Mrs. Doom; she's not by any means a happy woman, I fear, and such spirits spread a moral cotagion wherever they have any influence."

As soon as he had said this, Annie drew coldly and silently away, she hardly knew why herself, unless she felt there was some hidden reason for his reference to the housekeeper. He noticed her movement—sighed, gave one yearning glance, another kiss, and hurried away.

"Now I will see what there is in these rumors," she said, as she went again into the sombre hall, pale but resolute, fearing nothing, daring everything, yet in her secret heart trembling.

"You will not want to sleep alone in your room to-night?" said the considerate housekeeper, her eyes glittering wildly, each cheek tinted as with a plague spot.

"Oh, yes, entirely alone. I hope you don't think I'm a child, to be frightened by a white dress and the moonlight," answered Annie. "Certainly I shall sleep alone."

"You have more courage than I should have, then, in this part of the house," said the housekeeper.

"Why in this part of the house, pray?" queried Annie.

"Because, according to all accounts, there's been foul work done here; was the reply. "I could show you something in the rooms adjoining, of which your husband has the keys, that would make you fear to stay anywhere on the premises, let alone this near."

"Why do you talk in enigmas?" exclaimed Annie. "Whatever there is in my husband's private apartments, I do not wish to see it or know of it, unless he gives me liberty; you are one of Job's comforters."

The housekeeper bit her lip, but did not turn away without one last attempt to dissuade her from sleeping alone; but Annie persisted in refusing her company. When night came she locked the doors, searched the great chamber, trimmed the night lamp, and retired to rest, having previously fatigued herself by some unusual labor. The lamp burnt not dimly, but being placed in a niche some distance away, it did not diffuse much light through the room. Annie felt quite secure—the doors she was certain were locked, and then she had great physical courage, having been trained to despise that weak fear implanted too often in very babes in the cradle.

She knew not how long she had slept when she was awakened by a sound as if a cannon ball had rolled rapidly across the room and back again. She listened intently—and coming to the conclusion that it must be a dream, prepared to sleep again, when suddenly a flash of singular flame of a red hue, filled the room. Annie sprang up in bed, her heart beating fearfully, and gazed about the room. The little lamp still burned, casting a soft light towards her.

"It is fire," she cried; "help! the house is on fire." She sat still listening, still gazing around. The sound as of a ball rolling, now commenced over-head. It seemed to be an eccentric traveller, now flying from corner to corner—now describing a series of circles, anon amusing itself with a succession of continuous thumps. Annie sat perfectly still, and listened. Her face was as white as her pillow, but her compressed lips, and tightly clasped hands, gave token that she had not yet succumbed to fear.

There was silence for some moments, then very near her she seemed to hear low sighings and sobbings, as of some one in deep trouble; still she neither spoke nor moved. Next came sharp rappings against the wall—labored breathings, shrill cries; and then a real voice sounded—

"Mrs. Trevor! Mrs. Trevor!"

"Who is it calls?" cried Annie, her voice firm, though the sound of other living tones was never more welcome to her.

"It is I, Mrs. Doom; will you let me in? The house is bewitched."

Annie sprang from her bed, and cautiously admitted the housekeeper.

"You are alive, then, after all the racket. I was afraid you'd die outright," she said, casting a sideloug glance on the young wife.

"I was frightened, but it would take a good deal of noise to kill me," said Annie, forcing herself to be calm, and noticing at that moment a singular expression gleaming in the housekeeper's dark eyes.

"Shall I stay with you?" queried Mrs. Doom, who had wrapped a large double shawl over her night-dress.

"You may, if you please," said Annie, quietly—"did you hear the noise?"

"Did I hear it—indeed I did—but I am accustomed to it—I felt for you, though," she replied.

"What do you suppose it was?" asked Annie, fastening upon the woman her resolute eyes.

"How can I tell?" responded the housekeeper.

"Did you see that red light?" Annie still questioned.

"No, what was it like?"

"Now I think of it," said Annie, with a little sigh of relief, "like a lantern my father has, a peculiar kind of lamp, with a very thin shade of crimson glass and a bright steel reflector.

At that moment, had it have been lighter, Annie would have seen a red flush creep over the cheeks of Mrs. Doom. The clock in the hall below, one of those old-fashioned appendages of old-fashioned houses, now struck the hour of one.

"The sounds will probably stop, now," said Mrs. Doom—"you saw no—no apparition, I hope," she added, in a cautious voice.

"I saw nothing but the light," said Annie.

"I believe it isn't till the second night that *she* appears," responded Mrs. Doom, quietly, as if to herself.

"Who?" asked Annie, disposing herself to rest again.

"Ah! that, nobody can tell. A woman, pale and death-like—somebody they say that he—who was killed here, it is supposed."

Annie was intent upon the face and form she had seen on that first day of her arrival. It could then have been no delusion—and yet she stoutly declared to herself that she would not believe in such visions—it was contrary to her education, contrary to her prejudices, and before she slept she had planned in what manner she would meet her visitants if any came. She would satisfy herself—for there was a new, a lingering doubt, confirmed by the appearance of the housekeeper—confirmed by her own stout and resolute will not to succumb to any belief in the supernatural.

The following day passed wearily. It was cold and stormy, and the house looked gloomy to Annie, especially when associated with the suspicious manner of the housekeeper and the nerve-shaking incidents of the previous night. But though more than once she had almost concluded to order her carriage and drive out to the parsonage, she steadily resisted the inclination, and towards night, procuring the key of a closet where she knew there were fire-arms, she took down a pistol, prepared it for action, and placed it near her pillow, but in such a position that no one would notice it even if they were near the bed. Placing the lamp in the same niche it had occupied on the preceding night, she, after smiling at her own pale face in the mirror, ascertained that the rooms were properly fastened and retired to pass many wakeful hours. The clock struck ten, then eleven, but just as it was on the stroke of twelve Annie fell asleep.

A cold touch on the face awakened her; she had not slept quite an hour. Answering as if a voice had called her, she cried, "who's there?" and listened with painful attention. There was certainly a slight noise, as of the rustling of garments, that appeared to be behind her bed. A cold, faint feeling seized her, but she was determined to fathom the mystery, if mystery there was, though she could scarcely summon the courage to look over her shoulder. Footsteps were heard now, walking softly, cautiously, now towards the window, now towards her dressing-table, then nearing her bed again.

"*Is any one here?*" cried Annie, desperately, determined not to lose her courage.

There was no answer—only a sound of dripping water near. The minutes dragged along—Annie sat crouching, her hand on the weapon of death which she had brought cautiously before her. The lamp burned so low, that though objects were distinguishable, still it was as through a haze or thin curtain. Suddenly the heart of the brave girl stood still, for gliding with an unearthly motion round from the foot of the bed was a tall figure, robed in white—her face of the hue of marble, her glittering black eyes in the dimness seeming to emit flashes of fire. For one moment—scarcely that—Annie was appalled and ready to sink fainting upon her pillow. By that time, however, the ghostly being was stationed by the side of the bed and in full sight of Annie, whose distended eyeballs gazed till they were ready to crack with the intense expectancy.

Then Annie spoke.

"If you are a spirit, I cannot harm you—if mortal you deserve this punishment"—and resolutely lifting the pistol she fired. A long, loud, heart-chilling scream resounded through the room—another, and still another, each fainter than the last, while the white figure sank slowly down against the bed, fell extended upon the floor, and sent forth short gasping sobs, upon each of which a life might have ebbed away. Sounds of coming feet disturbed the night—doors shut heavily here and there—the hall was invaded—loud knocks and louder voices sounded at Annie's door, but she, crouching, shivering, struck with awful horror, dared not leave her bed, till one voice that sounded above the rest gave her strength to move. She sprang out, unlocked the door, and fell sobbing like a child, crying "oh! what have I done? what have I done? I have killed somebody," on the breast of her father.

"Let us see; my child;" said the old minister, soothing her, while the servants crowded round the prostrate form, uttering exclamations of fear and wonder.

"It's Mrs. Doom," cried one.

"Oh! don't say that," half shrieked Annie, bursting from her father's arms and kneeling by the insensible form. "Let me take these bandages off—what could she mean by wishing to frighten me so? See—father—can this be—it is *not* Mrs. Doom. See the long, beautiful hair—it is a young woman—oh! father—what is this mystery? Has a doctor been sent for?"

They assured her that one of the servants had gone off immediately for the nearest physician. Annie insisted that she should be laid upon her own bed, but seeing blood flowing, she shrank back sobbing hysterically to her father's arms.

The doctor came—said the wound was not mortal, in fact was very slight, fear and remorse probably being the near causes of insensibility. He went into the room where Annie sat, that he might reassure her, for she was suffering all the agonies of remorse.

"I declare to you," he said, "that in this case you are not at all to blame, indeed, I cannot but regard with admiration an action like yours. Most women would have shrieked, alarmed the house, and gone to their graves timid, shrieking things under the dread of ghosts, haunted and helpless. It reflects great credit upon your training, sir," he added, turning to her venerable father.

"I have tried my best to bring out the elements of common sense, which are closely allied with courage, you know," said the old man, looking fondly at his daughter. "I knew when I heard the screams this morning that they could not be Annie's, for she is always silent in the event of any impending or immediate danger. She did not know I was in the house, for coming late from conference last night, I found my horse was lame, and stopped here, not allowing the servants to disturb any one.

"It seems now that Providence sent me. But sir, what could be the object of this woman in laying a plot so frightful?"

"I confess I am wholly at a loss to know," responded the physician. "It seems she is not what she has appeared to be, but a much younger woman. One of the servants recognizes her as the daughter of the former governess of Mr. Richard Trevor, and is in amaze how she could for so long a time so thoroughly disguise herself. It is all very strange—all wrapped in mystery, just at the present, but when the woman comes to, probably she will confess."

"She looked very handsome," said Annie, shuddering as she spoke.

"A fiery beauty I should judge she must have been. But come, Mrs. Trevor, I shall have you on my hands if you do not seek rest immediately. The woman is in good care at

present, and I advise you to lie on this lounge; perhaps it will be better for your father to occupy his easy-chair here near you, in case you are assailed by any other spiritual influences in corporeal limits. If I mistake not, that man of your husband's, Harvey, is in league with the woman—it looks like it—but the facts will all come out in due time. Good night"—and the pleasant faced, gossippy doctor had gone.

VI.

*The Mystery Solved—A Grateful Man—A Happy Conclusion.*

Richard Trevor came home on the following day. The iron entered his soul afresh when he found Annie ill, reclining on her couch, her father beside her. When the story was told, however, he seemed like one just comprehending some fearful revelation. His first exclamation was,

"My Father in Heaven! I understand all now. Oh! but this is too terrible! Thank God! you, darling are saved to me—saved to me!"—and he bent weeping as only a grateful man can weep, while he embraced his wife and kissed her pale lips.

"I have been harboring a fiend in my house," he said a few moments afterward, conquering his strong agitation, "but how could I know it? She would have killed my Annie and in the end destroyed me; I do not doubt it. Bless your brave heart, my wife! But for that, my last hope would have gone out in the gloom of the grave."

Lying there on her bed of long illness, Maggie Hamilton, conscience-smitten, revealed all. For years, she said, she had possessed keys of all the most private apartments in the house. Panels had been made moveable, especially back of heavy furniture, so that she could command ingress at any time. When asked who assisted her with her wicked schemes, she would not tell, but Richard, remembering that he had noticed particles of saw-dust on his room-floors, also recollected that Harvey was by trade a carpenter, and he therefore, for the sake of love or gain, had been her accomplice. This she would not admit, but the absence of the man confirmed suspicion. He was arrested in a neighboring town not long after, a stricken creature, emaciated and haggard. He confessed everything to Mr. Trevor—had been Maggie's bond slave from the time she was a child—loved her madly—had been promised her hand and a fortune when she had compassed her fiendish revenge, and finally, sobbing like a child, he begged to be sent to punishment, for death would be welcome. He had been tormented night and day by his conscience, for months—it was a living hell; and his appearance fully corroborated the truth of the sentence in Holy Writ,—"there is no peace to the wicked, saith my God."

Richard heard the whole confession from beginning to end, and groaned in agony at the description the heartless woman gave of the sufferings of her timid victims. She had carried them in darkness to his study, and displayed the grim skeleton hanging under the curtain in its case. She had distorted his sayings, put doubt, fear, and even hate in their bosoms toward him, by representing him as a criminal and an abandoned man. She had determined on the same course of treatment when Annie had entered the house as a bride, and the deathly form that had so startled her was no other than that of the miserable young girl, half idiotic, whom she had coerced to her terrible will. She soon saw, however, that she had different material to work upon, and felt doubtful as to the result. It is needless to say that Richard Trevor was a new man. The first duty he performed after listening to the tremulous voice of his once persecutor, was to lead Annie into his study.

"My wife," he said, "I have done wrong in withholding from you my passion for surgery. Most women are so constituted that the idea of being under the same roof with this poor inanimate thing—here he revealed the skeleton—is a constant torture, and a dread; therefore, I have been silent concerning this room, and thus given that base creature an opportunity of working me injury. I have done wrong, I freely acknowledge—and, heaven helping me, I will never keep another secret from the wife whose noble courage has broken the spell of my sorrowful life. God bless you, Annie!"

Richard Trevor pardoned Harvey, but the misguided man lived but a few years after. Maggie Hamilton recovered, her gloomy soul took refuge in the shelter of the Roman Catholic faith, and she entered a convent, there to brood over her mistakes, possibly to repent thoroughly of her evil life and look to God for mercy.

Not long years after, beautiful sons and daughters made glorious light in the dear old household of Wilburton Hall.

### SQUARING THE ACCOUNT.

FRENCHMAN.

For Lombardy gained for you in the field—

SARDINIAN.

I gave you La Marmotte—my poor Clotilde.

FRENCHMAN.

For Parma, Modena, and the States—my boy?

SARDINIAN.

Accept our ancient Dukedom of Savoy.

FRENCHMAN.

A trifle yet for Tuscany—if you please;

SARDINIAN.

You have my daughter, would you like my *Niece* (Nice?)

[Shake hands and *exeunt*, mutually satisfied.]

☞ A doctor detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

☞ A commercial gentleman bought a book on the value of time. He was greatly disgusted at finding it to contain nothing whatever about discount.

☞ "I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one? Why don't you have it cured?"

☞ A business man of our acquaintance, is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit, he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

☞ A boy was asked, one day, what made him so dirty, and his rep'y was: "They tell me I am made of dust, and I s'pose it's just working out."

## CADALL GLEANINGS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BRAW.

### How Aunty Scranton Entertained her Company at Dinner.

I *do* wonder 'at Bennydad didn't git home to dinner. I'm sure he dorter been here long afore this. He'll be disapp'inted of he comes an' finds you've ben here an' he haint seen you. I'm really consarned for fear somethin's happened to him. It's quite tew bad 'at he wont be here to take us with you to visit the old homestid. Why couldn't you put off goin' there to-day, an' stay a few days with us fust, Cousin Willis? Why you won't make us no visit at all, of you hurry right away this arternoon. Taint nothin' more 'n a call, an' a mighty short one at that. Now Bennydad 'll be done with his keertin' in a day or two, or three at the most, an' then we'll take a hull day for 't, an' an airly start, an' all visit the old place together. 'Twould be real nice, wouldn't it, Cousin Josephine? An' I'm sure I don't see why in nater you couldn't stay a hull week or more. We should *all* be *delighted* to have you.

What say, Cousin Willis? "you've got important business to 'tend to in the city?" What, "an' you *must* be home in less 'n a week?" I'm *so* sorry. An' then you've got to go 'way round by Ashwog, Cousin Willis, an' visit your relations tew, an' all in so short a time? It's *tew* bad. Taint nothin' more 'n an aggravation tew have sich a mite of a visit from you. Ef I was you, Cousin Josephine, I'd make him stay 'mongst my relations this time, seein' he haint never fetched you 'mongst 'em afore, an' take me on another vige to see his'n.

Miss Victory, have a negg, wont you, dear? Marster Ollbut, dew let me help you to another nice bit o' this here steak. Cousin Willis is your coffee out yit? Taint? I'm afeard taint seasoned jest to suit ye? Dew jest have your cup filled up agin to heat it up ef nothin' more. I can't stomick lukewarm coffee myself, an' I guess your'n aint much more 'n lukewarm by this time.

Bridget Jane, hand round the pie 'n puddin'. Quick—you—don't you see Cousin Josephine an' Miss Victory is waitin' for theirn? Oh, well I know, my dear cousins, you don't wish to hurry her; but she needn't be so everlastin' long gittin' round. Bridget Jane, what on airth have you done to this mince pie? Let it stand in the oven till you've scorched it a hull broadside! You *be* the carelessest critter; I can't have nothin' fit to eat 'at you have the oversight on. Carry that plate away an' git a piece o' the other pie—the one 'at aint scorched—for Cousin Willis. That fust pie 's sensajest ruined—an' it's hot enough this minnit, by the looks on't, to scorch a body's mouth. What inquiry did you make about Malerky, Cousin Willis? That Bridget Jane flustered me so 't I didn't quite understand. Oh, yis; Malerky's a travellin' all the time in the give-book business, an' he's reckoned to be a pooty smart sort of a chap by them 'at he does work fur. Malerky's a feller 'at 'll make money, my Malerky is. There aint many 'at 'll go ahead on him fur that, I rickon, ef he *is* my son. Though to be sure he aint so old, an' haint so much 'xperence as some, yit, so fur, he's done remarkable well. Dew have another piece o' pie, Cousin Josephine. Why, you don't 'pear to eat nothin' scarcely. Wall, won't you have some more o' the puddin'? Wall, *dew* have somethin' more. Why, your appertite's very deterkit, ain't it?

What say Cousin Willis? Yis, I'm sorry tew, verry sorry, 'at Malerky's away jist now, an' he'll feel to regret it so much tew. I haint showed you Malerky's watch have *I*? one 'at he drawed when the give-book enterprise was fust started? That's the way 'at he come to be in the business—he bought a book an' drawed that are watch—an' that gin him the give-book fever, an' he never rested till he got himself in as agent for 'em.

Malerky's watch *is* a beauty though; Sookie, love, you must show it tew 'em arter dinner. Malerky's got another gold watch equally 's hansum 's this one, an' so he jest left it here for Sookie to wear a spell, an' of she takes pooty good care on't he'll see 't she has a ladies' watch bimeby. His'n you see is a man's watch, though it's a watch 'at no lady need tew be ashamed on. It's a double repeatin' dimontsot English feather, all rall gold, forty carets fine. What, Sook? I *haint* made no mistake nyther; Malerky said 't was so himself. I guess I can remember jest as well as anybody else.

Dew, Cousin Willis, now, *don't* give up so. Have somethin' more to eat won't ye? Have a leetle piece more 'o the pie? Wall now, you better. Try, some more o' the puddin', then, What, can't you eat no more? Wall, then, mebby the dear childrun 'll have somethin'. Marster Ollbut, little love, *have* another piece o' pie 'n cheese? What, you want to be excused tew? How mannish he does speak, Cousin Josephine. I should think you'd be proud on him.

Wall, ef you won't none on you be helped to nothin' more, I guess we'll a' journ to the settin' room.

☞ A young lady having asked a gentleman the size of his neck, he sent the following:—

"The size of my neck? that's remarkably strange,
And admits of a very significant range;
A neck-tie, a collar, a sore throat, a halter,
And others, enough to make a man falter.
Let this tender reply anxiety check,
The length of your arm will just go round my neck."

It is needless to say they were married on the first of April.

☞ The women must think that we men are great robbers; we are all the while going about, robbing them of their very names.

☞ SAYING GRACE.—A blunt-spoken, off-handed old gentleman, the other day, previous to dinner, arose and delivered himself as follows:—"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful—what, wife! a plain hash again to-day?" It was all in the same breath, and the effect was inexpressibly ludicrous.

### A WEDDING REMINISCENCE.

[The following poem, from the New York Leader, is very correct in its sentiments, if a little halting in its poetic feet:—]

TO CHRIS.

Dear Chris, remember Dec. the sixth,
The night that we were married,
How sudden the notion entered our head,
And how thoroughly it was carried.

Remember how quick we got ready—
How soon the service was done;
And how willing the fees were received,
When you and I were made one.

How many changes since that time—
Friends to foreign lands have gone;
And we, more fortunate than others,
Have one dear child to mourn.

There's Tommy left, our little boy,
Who's bright and laughing face
Drives troubled thoughts away,
While we his little dimples trace.

We also have a little home,
With all things needful blest,
How I have thanked kind Providence
For this homely place of rest.

And thankful we ought to be
For many favors tendered,
To those in whose debt we are,
And who long shall be remembered.

I have thought of that pleasant affair,
Over which five years have passed,
Not regretting the step was taken,
But thankful that happiness last

### ANECDOTES OF THE CHINESE.

CHINESE KITES.—They do not consider any pursuit so frivolous as to be denied the best advantages of science—not even the flying of paper kites. "It is strange to see sober, sedate merchants tugging away at a long string, guiding a kite very effectually in the air. Some are made in the shape of birds; and the hovering of the kestrel, or the quick dive of the sparrow-hawk, is beautifully imitated by expert guidance of the string. The first I saw in Shanghai appeared so real that I got down a rifle to try a shot, but was told it was only a kite. 'To be sure it is; why not have a shot at it?' and it was some time till I understood it was a *paper*, not the *bird* kite. The Chinese beat us hollow in these things, especially in the 'messengers' that they send spinning up the string. They send up prettily painted gigantic butterflies with outspread wings, at the back of which is a simple contrivance to make them collapse when the butterfly reaches the kite, and as soon as they collapse, down comes the butterfly, sliding along the string, ready to be adjusted for another flight."

CHINESE DEFENCES.—It is rare, indeed, however, to find Celestial ingenuity turned to such serious and practical account as in the following devices of the rebels when besieged at Shanghai. "Round the city walls, and in front of other defences, there were pitfalls, some very large, and at the bottom a plentiful crop of sharp-pointed bamboo spikes. The ditches surrounding the imperial camps were similarly provided, making an admirable defence, when the sandal-like shoes of the fighting-men are taken into account, and promised a horrible death to any one that fell into them. The worst kind consisted of small holes, about a foot in diameter, in which the spikes were placed on the sides, with the points slanting inwards towards the bottom, so that any one who 'put his foot in it' was regularly entrapped. But the most ingenious defence was made use of in the houses that formed the inner line of defence; they were loopholed, and the exterior whitewashed: over each loophole there was a sheet of white paper pendent on the outside, so that a musket could be pushed through, and aim taken; but when it was withdrawn, the similarity of the paper to the color of the wall prevented any loophole from being seen, so that no return-shot from small firearms need be feared.

PROTECTION AGAINST RIFLE BALLS.—Regarding rifle-balls, the rebels stated a curious circumstance. As a protection against them, they wore dresses thickly padded with floss silk: they said that while the ball had a twist in it, revolving in its course, it caught up the silk, and fastened itself in the garment. One man told me that he took out six so caught, in one day, after a severe fight. The experiment might be worth trying. They said the dress was of more use within a hundred yards than at long range, when the ball had lost its revolving motion.

### EARLY LOVE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mr. Bryant's account of this matter, in his recent address, is as follows:

"It was during this interval—between the appearance of the "History of New York," in 1809, and that of the "Sketch Book," in 1819—that an event took place which had a marked influence on Irving's future life, affected the character of his writings, and, now that the death of both parties allows it to be spoken of without reserve, gives a peculiar interest to his personal history. He became attached to a young lady, whom he was to have married. She died unwedded, in the flower of her age; there was a sorrowful leave-taking between her and her lover, as the grave was about to separate them on the eve of what should have been her bridal;—and Irving, ever after, to the close of his life, tenderly and faithfully cherished her memory. In one of the biographical notices published immediately after Irving's death, an old, well worn copy of the Bible is spoken of, which was kept lying on the table in his chamber, within reach of his bedside, bearing her name on the title page in a delicate female hand—a relic which we may presume to have been his constant companion. Those who are fond of searching, in the biographies of eminent men, for the circumstances which determined the bent of their genius, find in this sad event, and the cloud it threw over the hopeful and cheerful period of early manhood, an explanation of the transition from the unbounded playfulness of the "History of New York" to the serious, tender and meditative vein of the "Sketch Book."

### THE CANT OF PUGILISM.

"Cant" is popularly supposed to be the illogical slang of hypocritical piety. But the word has a much wider range of meaning, and a great deal more extended sphere of influence. It is supreme in politics as in religion; in the discussion of questions of social economy, as in the expounding of ethical points; in the advocacy of pugilism and Sampson Hart fist, as in the support of the Reverend Boanerges Pound text and the Lights of New School Perfectibility.

Pugilism, for instance, is called the Manly Art.

In what is it manly; save in the opportunities it gives for the stronger and more enduring brutal type of manliness to beat the weaker and infirm?

"But," says its advocates, "the Manly Art of Self-Defence teaches the weak to combat with the strong; gives infirmity protection against endurance. Do we not read that Mr. So-and-So, a gentleman of refinement, of small stature and inferior physical resources, whipped What's-his-name, the gigantic dray man, solely through the superior knowledge of science which he had acquired in lessons from Ottignon? Don't the students of Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England, having learned perfection with the gloves, challenge and beat the brawny coal heavers and "navvies," of their neighborhoods in what are called Town and Gown rows. Why the argument proves itself!"

It does nothing of the sort. The argument, on the contrary, is the veriest cant in the world.

Mr. So-and-So, though small, is an active, wiry man, extremely combative, and brave as a lion. These qualities, united to a capacity for receiving severe blows on the face without being hurt by them, and the lessons Ottignon had given him, did enable him to whip a carman twice his size—a great lumbering fellow, who had no more activity than a hippopotamus, less courage than a mongrel dog, and an acute sensibility to physical pain. The same in the town and gown rows at the English Universities. They are joined in by students who naturally love a fight; who are innately combatants, and indifferent to punishment, and who, had they been born in a different sphere of life, would unquestionably have turned professional boxers.

This very power to become an adept in boxing, lies in the nature of the man, and not in the lessons he may receive from the best teacher of the so-called manly art. Tom Sayers never received a lesson on the theory of his business in his life. He fights by instinct, and a person who does not, should keep very clear of all combats with the fist.

There is no kind of combat so *unfair* as pugilism.

Two men of equal nerve and skill may meet on equal terms with any kind of fire-arms, or the small-sword, and even a slight disparity is equalized by the chances of a sudden aim. Add strength, and broadswords or bowie knives give the like opportunity to both. But two men in a fist fight may be equal in every one of these qualities,—most of which may be acquired,—and yet if one has a face like John Morrissey's or Tom Sayers' that is incapable of being hurt, and like them a stolid sort of brutal instinct that it is impossible to *stun* out of him—that one is bound to win.

Then there is no kind of combat so beastly and disgusting as the combat with the fist. If any one had his choice to be injured in such a way as to lay him up for—say—three weeks, who would not rather be pinked in the hip or winged through the shoulder, than mashed into a horrid jelly with a great rough dirty bunch of fives?

The fist is, and ever will be, the argument of brutes, blackguards, and strong bullies. None but the Jews and Anglo-Saxon Celts ever gave it countenance, or lent a face to be disfigured by it. It is rapidly dying out of favor with them on the other side of the Atlantic, and we sincerely trust it will never gain strength enough in this country to claim the merit of dying here at all, much less of having to be killed by the strong fist of the Law.—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

### ANECDOTE OF SEWARD.

A correspondent of the *Toledo Blade*, says:—

"In the winter and spring of 1821, a young man, by the name of Henry Stevens, and myself, were attending a select school in Goshen, Orange County, New York. There was also a debating club, which held its discussions in our school-room once a week, in the evening. The club was comprised principally of young lawyers, some theologians, a small sprinkling of farmers and two or three pedagogues. Among the young lawyers was quite a small man, who had just graduated at Union College, New York, with red hair shaved close, large bell-crowned hat, a snuff-colored coat, looking as though it was made for him when a boy; and like one of the characters in Paulding's 'Spy of the Neutral Ground,' had on snuff-colored 'inexpressibles.'

"One afternoon, along in the month of March, after tea, Stevens remarked that he would walk down to the debate. I told him it was too early, as the club never got together till after dark. Arriving at the foot of the stairs, we heard some one in our room speaking aloud. Surely the club had not met yet; and as we walked up stairs and opened the door, there stood the little man, all alone, with his large bell-crowned hat on the master's chair, and he addressing to it the speech which he intended to deliver to the President of the club in the evening.

"That little red-headed young man was William Henry Seward."

☞ Fear is a prodigious magnifier, especially where it has been excited by any unusual object. No traveller ever saw a small tiger; no landsman ever experienced a gale at sea that was not a tornado.

☞ Judge Daly, of New York, in the course of his decision "in the matter of John Snook for a change of name," remarked that the name of Washington was originally "Wessyngton," which signifies "a person dwelling on the meadow land where a creek runs in from the sea."

### DR. WINDSHIP.

A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times says:—

When the Doctor is at home, he is visited by hundreds, weekly, from all sections of the country; many of whom appear to be in the last stages of consumption, but, nevertheless, are anxious to know how they can improve their physical condition. The Doctor is extremely courteous to all his visitors, and imparts to them such information, gratis, as he thinks will be of service to them. A few days since, while I was conversing with him in his library, he was called upon by three poor cadaverous looking men with pale and sunken cheeks, and lustreless eyes, who had come over fifty miles to consult the Doctor in regard to their physical condition, and how they could improve it. After conversing with them for about half-an-hour, and giving them some advice, they left the library with an evident look of encouragement on their wan faces. The Doctor, however, with a saddened face, and a shake of the head turned to me and said, "poor fellows, they came to me too late." I have frequently heard it remarked, that, in consequence of the Doctor straining his muscles and tendons to such an extraordinary degree, that it must cause great unsteadiness of the nerves, and that he would find it exceedingly difficult to write. Quite the contrary is the case; his hand being as firm and as steady as a bar of steel! As an illustration of this, he is one of the best phonographic short-hand writers in the country. He has already reached a speed of one hundred and eighty words a minute. The steadiness of hand that he has acquired by lifting enormous weight, facilitates in a remarkable degree the writing of phonographic characters, not only in regard to *rapidity*, but in accuracy and delicacy of outline. He has practiced this art, (which he mastered without a teacher) a little more than five years. The Doctor says he can report the fastest talker he ever heard, and never found but one person who could talk faster than he could report, and that individual was a *woman with very thin lips!* He *cared* on her! The Doctor is now practising with the view of accomplishing a feat of downright strength, which, besides eclipsing any of his previous efforts, in the physical line, will make his name ring throughout the world! He has told to me, in confidence, what the feat is, but, for certain good reasons, is not willing to divulge it, until his success is a "fixed fact" in his own mind and muscles! The very idea has startled me. Had any other man than the Doctor suggested it, I should have ridiculed the proposition as an impossibility. But, with him, nothing seems impossible in a physical point. The motive which leads him to this undertaking, is to prove, by illustration, that a man of *medium size* has the greatest capacity for strength.

Week before last, two men called upon the Doctor and informed him they had come one hundred and fifty miles, for the purpose of outlifting him. They came from Vermont. Each of them was over six feet in height; the heaviest, weighed two hundred and ten pounds, the other, two hundred and four pounds. The Doctor conducted them into his yard where he *keeps his weight*: and picked up, handsomely, eleven hundred and fifty pounds, remarking, that he would commence there, and after either of them had lifted that weight he would set them another task! Each in his turn made the effort, but without succeeding in starting the iron weights. They finally both took hold, and together barely succeeded in raising them from the ground! These Vermont giants left the Doctor, with the simple remark, that "they would never again travel one hundred and fifty miles, to out lift a man, until they had weighed the rocks they had lifted at home!" I doubt not, there are plenty of men who think they can lift as much, or more, than can Doctor Windship. Just let them try, and when they succeed in doing so, my boots, hat, and what few dry-goods there is in my wardrobe, in the way of wearing apparel, will be entirely at their disposal. Doctor Windship is not only a physically powerful man, but possesses remarkable intellectual strength, which seems to increase in vigor, proportionate with his muscular power. He is, also, a gentleman of cultivation and refinement. The Doctor tells me that he drinks milk as a German does Lager Beer. Everything that goes into *his* mill gets ground up.

The Doctor is collecting facts with which he intends to prove, beyond cavil, the practical soundness of his theory of Physical Education, which will be embodied in the work he is now preparing on that subject.

Doctor Windship should be regarded as a true philanthropist, as the efforts he is now making will be of infinite benefit to the young men, as well as the gentler sex, who are growing up.

☞ A THEORY.—Men may be jealous, and cross, and wretched; but they do not absolutely hate one another on a woman's account unless she has been in some degree to blame. While free, and showing no preference, no one can well fight about her, for all have an equal chance; when she has a preference, though she might not openly show it towards its object, she certainly would never think of showing it towards any body else. At least that is my theory.—*Miss Mulock.*

☞ A QUESTION FOR PHILOLOGISTS.—Philosophers are raising the impertinent demand whether the *utter*-most parts of the earth are inhabited solely by women?—*Punch.*

☞ CURE FOR WEAK EYES.—An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a grave friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained to his friend that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do them any good." "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thou wast to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get round again."

☞ By all means make yourself at home, if you stay only a week at your friend's, relative's, or brother's house; but if you stay for three months in another man's house, still make yourself just a shade less at home than the master of it.

### Authentic Anecdote of Alexander I. OF RUSSIA.

When Russia was, in 1812, thrown into consternation by the invasion of the French, no one in the imperial household or council maintained a calm and composed spirit, under the daily reports of fresh disasters, except Prince Galitzin. The Emperor remarked this with surprise, and one day, while they were alone, asked how it happened. The Prince drew forth a small Bible from his pocket, and held it towards the Emperor, who stretched out his hand to take it, when by accident the volume fell to the ground. Being instantly picked up by the Prince, it was found to have opened at the ninety-first Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him I will trust" (ver. 2).

"Oh, that your majesty would seek that refuge," replied the Prince, after his royal master and he had read the passage together; and then hastened from the presence. The Emperor retained the Bible, and doubtless read the Psalm to the end.

Shortly after, a day of supplication and fasting was ordered by Alexander; and the Pope, as the priests of the Greek Church are called, whose turn it was to preach before the Court, chose for his text the ninety-first Psalm, without having been induced thereto by any hint from either the Emperor or his minister.

On the afternoon of the fast day, Alexander sent to his private chaplain, desiring him to come and read a portion of the Bible to him in his tent. The official came, and commenced his duty with the ninety-first Psalm.

"Hold!" cried the Emperor, rather offended by what he not unnaturally concluded must be the result of collusion; "who desired you to read that particular psalm to me?"

"God!" replied the chaplain, with great solemnity.

"How mean you?" exclaimed the Emperor.

"Taken by surprise," resumed the chaplain, "by your Majesty's command, and feeling the high responsibility which would rest on my choice, I knelt down and implored the Almighty to guide me in the selection of the Scripture I should read in the event of your Majesty leaving me without directions on the subject, and the ninety-first Psalm was brought so powerfully to my mind that I could not doubt that was the answer to my prayer."

The impression made on the Emperor by these remarkable coincidences is said to have been deep and lasting.

### ADVERTISING SERMONS.

The editor of the Christian Intelligencer gives the following amusing and somewhat striking incident:—

"We had, on a recent visit to a village not very far distant from this city, a somewhat novel and striking exhibition of the manner in which the business of advertising sermons is viewed by those not familiar with city devices. It was in this wise:—While conversing with a clerical friend, he suddenly inquired, with a sympathetic expression of countenance, 'How are the brethren in distress getting on in New York?' We of course desired an explanation of his question. He replied by saying, 'That the people in the country were under the impression that those clergymen in the city who were in the habit of advertising the topics of their discourses every Saturday morning were sadly distressed for the want of regular bearers, and that they could not get on well unless they threw out bait.'"

☞ AN IRISH UNDERSTANDING.—"If I catch yees near my house again, I'll break your neck, ye rascal," said one Irishman to another. "But you asked me yourself."—"But I didn't ask yees to make love to my wife, ye scoundrel."—"I haven't made love to your wife; you are laboring under some mistake."—"Don't tell me that now: didn't I see you wid my own eyes, trying to come the blarney over her?"—"But I tell you I didn't do any such thing. I don't care that for your wife," giving his fingers a snap at the words "nor that."—"Yees don't care for her, hey? She's as good a woman as you are, any day, ye dirty blackguard, and if yees speak disrespectful av her I'll be after tachin' ye bether manners."

☞ I have known a very few large families of brothers who have gone on to advanced life without any interruption of harmony. They were men who kept up, without stiffness, a certain amount of almost formal politeness toward each other, never allowing the closest intimacy to generate, or slide into, a habit of taking liberties.

☞ A medical gentleman wrote a letter in 1832, to Sir Henry Halford, on cholera, in which he took to himself the credit of being "the first to discover the disease, and communicate it to the public."

☞ A POSER.—At a splendid dinner an atheist was denying the existence of God because he could not see Him; whereupon a gentleman said, "You will admit that there was some thought in the preparation of this dinner." "Certainly," replied the atheist. "Yet," was the crushing retort, "you have not seen the cook—are you prepared to deny his existence?" The answer is not recorded.

☞ "Bill, I am fascinated with Miss Million." "With her personal charms?" "Yes, purse-and-all charms."

☞ For a whole month after the Misses Flirt got new mantillas they were at church three times on Sunday.

☞ REMEDY FOR FITS.—Buy your clothes at a slop shop, and you will never have a fit afterwards.

☞ An artificial florist lately described himself as "*head* gardener to the ladies."

☞ As an instance of the necessity of investigating cases where relief is asked for, Reverend Mr. Blunt, at a meeting held in London, recently, said: "Not long ago a woman had taken him in with a piteous story that her husband had not had a day's work for six months. It was true, for he was a night watchman."

☞ Some patent curiosity hunter has found that the number of grains in a bushel of wheat weighing sixty-two pounds, is upwards of 639,000.

## NEWS ITEMS.

The Japanese have discovered that a few seconds previous to an earthquake the magnet temporarily loses its power, and have ingeniously constructed a light frame supporting a horse-shoe magnet, beneath which is a cup bell metal. To the armature is attached a weight, so that upon the magnet becoming paralyzed, the weight drops, and striking the cup, gives the alarm. Every one in the house then seeks the open air for safety.

A pungent lawyer, named Pepper, has sued nearly all the papers in St. Louis for libel, his damages reaching in all to nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—for libels against him in the charge that he had unlawfully obtained possession of a watch and other property belonging to a client. There is likely to be a peppery time.

The Mormons are somewhat excited at the introduction of the bill in Congress making Polygamy an offence against statute law. They are drilling and arming to some extent.

The Japanese thought that the ladies whom they saw at the Sandwich Islands wearing crinoline, actually filled the immense skirts. One of the men, who happened to touch a dress in passing, was much surprised to find it caving in, and burst out into roars of laughter at his astonishing discovery. His ideas of the bodily proportions of the fair one suddenly collapsed.

A noble deed is reported as having been or about to be done by Matthew Vassar, Esq., the great brewer of Poughkeepsie. He is to endow a College for girls in that city, at a cost of some $400,000, which he hopes will be eventually a rival of the Yale, Brown, etc., of the males. The tuition is not to be free, but very low, and full libraries, galleries of art, gardens, and scientific appliances are to be connected. Mr. Vassar will not have brewed for nothing, if he succeeds in carrying out this munificent project.

A Shocking Accident.—The Howard County (Ind.) Tribune, says that one day recently Mr. Levi Sizelove, in the eastern part of the country, after he had chopped down a tree and had walked on it to the top, discovered something writhing, and slowly approached it, thinking the tree had fallen on a pig. What must have been his feelings when he discovered that it was his own six year old girl? The lower extremities still moved, but life had thus been horribly taken. The child had gone to the woods to seek its parent, without any one of the family knowing of its absence.

It has been discovered by Lord Brougham that the principle of photography was discovered in 1796, and a paper giving an account of it actually excluded from the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, on the ground of its empiricism!

The Montreal papers have got possession of the programme of the Prince of Wales' journey. He is to land at St. John's, go thence to Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, thence to Washington and the Atlantic cities, and is to travel through the West, *incog.*

Another Prize Fight.—The Plaza del Toros, at Havana, was the scene of a novel entertainment on Sunday, the 16th—a fight between a tiger and three blood hounds. One of the dogs was instantly killed at the commencement of the battle, and the other two disabled. Yet the umpire decided that the tiger was beaten.

The French Academy of Sciences have recently been considering an insect, which amuses itself by boring holes in leaden bullets. It should be made a member of the Peace Society.

Idle Steamboats.—Ten or twelve monster steamboats, in which is locked up capital to the amount of not less than two millions of dollars, are now lying idle at the docks of Chicago, Buffalo, and other lake cities.

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A Touch of Romance.—Several years ago a young man in Essex county left his home to encounter the dangers of a whaling voyage. The ship in which he embarked after a quick passage reached the Pacific ocean in safety, but soon after her arrival a terrific storm arose, which drove the vessel on the wild shore of the Fejee Islands. The crew reached the shore in safety to meet a still more dreadful fate than that from which they had escaped. They were soon surrounded by the savages, who took from them all they had saved from the wreck, and seemed delighted with their misfortune. The certainty of the awful doom that awaited them soon forced itself upon their minds. They were to become food to appease the hunger of this cannibal race, among whom they had been thrown by the ocean wave. One by one F. saw his companions disappear, until he alone remained. His mind was filled with unutterable anguish for he knew that his turn must soon come.

The day arrived—the savages had met from all parts of the land to witness the horrid tragedy. The fagots were piled and the war dance commenced. Amid the carousal of the savages, thoughts of home and friends flitted through his mind. In imagination he visited his native village, and wandered over her well-known hills. Alas! he expected to behold those scenes no more. Among the savages present was the king and his family, one of which was a girl of sixteen. As F. stood waiting his doom he found in his pocket a handkerchief bright and gaudy colors, which he had forgotten. Not knowing what effect it might have upon the savage maiden he presented it to her, and she seemed highly pleased with the present. She held it up to her father, who was equally pleased and delighted. F. saw this and hope darted through his bosom.

Soon the king approached, took him by the hand, and led him to his own dwelling, and made him a member of his own family. After he had been in the family a short time, he was told that he must marry the king's daughter. This came upon him like thunder, but he could not refuse; she had saved his life, she bore marks of intelligence and beauty. Besides he was at the mercy of the cannibals. The marriage ceremony was performed, but still he was determined to leave the island the first opportunity.

One soon presented itself. A vessel anchored near the island, and at night-fall he took a canoe, and made off to the ship, where he was kindly received. In the morning the beach was lined with savages, among whom was F.'s young bride. She seemed frantic, and by looks and gestures entreated him to come back, but to no purpose. The ship sailed, and soon faded from their view. In due time F. reached his home, and was received with joy, though his friend had long thought him dead.

Two years rolled away, when a ship arriving at New Bedford from the Pacific, brought as a passenger the brother of F.'s wife, who had come to persuade him to go back and make his sister happy. He begged and pleaded with all the eloquence of his savage nature, telling him if he would go back, he should have all that heart could de-ire, and said that "when father is dead, you will be king." But in vain. The brother went back alone.

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A Good Reason.—A few days ago a man, named Joseph Hengst, in Cincinnati, petitioned the Court to change his name. He said he was a German by birth, and that Hengst being translated into the language of this country, means "stud horse;" and that he was called among his acquaintances and fellow citizens "stud horse," or "stallion," and subject, on account thereof, to ridicule and shame—that puns and jokes were continually perpetrated against him to his great embarrassment and inconvenience, both in trade and social intercourse. For these reasons he asked legal authority to use his mother's maiden names. The Judge was of opinion that the reason given was sufficient, and granted the prayer of the petitioner.

The House of Representatives.—In the case of the non-election of President by the people, the choice goes to the House (voting by States), which has to choose between the three highest candidates, by the fourth day of March. In case they cannot make a choice by that time, then the Vice President is to serve as President. If no Vice President is elected by the people, the Senate chooses between the *two* highest on the list. The States stand in the House as follows:—

*Democratic.*—Alabama, Arkansas, California, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Oregon, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia—14.

*Opposition.*—Connecticut, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin—15.

*Equally Divided.*—Kentucky, Maryland, N. Carolina, and Tennessee—4.

If Kansas is admitted this session, it will give the Opposition 16 States.

In the Senate the Democrats have a majority.

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The Political Conventions.—In the Democratic Convention at Charleston, after twenty-two ballotings, the vote for Mr. Douglas ran up to 152½, a majority of the Electoral College. The Convention had adopted the two-thirds rule, however. Finally, some twenty-five further ballots having been taken, with very little change, a resolution was adopted to adjourn to meet at Baltimore on the *third* Monday (the 18th) of June, in order to give time to those States whose delegations had seceded, to appoint new ones.

The Convention of Seceders then resolved to adjourn to meet at Richmond on the *second* Monday of June. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, (the President) withdrawing from the Convention. They also invite delegations from the absent States.

The Constitutional Union Convention meets at Baltimore on the 9th of May—and the Republican Convention at Chicago on the 16th of May.

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Tattooing Made Serviceable.—The Boston Advertiser has the following:

"Life being notoriously insecure in New York, one of the New York papers has proposed that every citizen should have his name and residence marked on his clothing, so that, in case anything should happen to him—to use a mild expression—whatever is found may be identified. The discovery of a body stripped and sunk in the river, however, has suggested a defect in this arrangement, and it is now proposed by the Louisville Journal that every New Yorker should have his name tattooed on his breast, or some such secure place. 'As to marking the place of residence, that would be impossible, for New Yorkers all move every May-day, so that a full-grown man or woman would look like a printed directory.'"

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A Warning to Fat Women.—A French paper related the case of a young lady in Lyons, who was engaged to be married, and who was predisposed to corpulency. Some of her young friends ridiculed her stout figure, etc., which at the time only excited her laughter. Her health subsequently declined, and she finally died rather suddenly. As there was no apparent cause for such a quick death, the account states that "with grief the parents resigned themselves to having a *post-mortem* examination. They then found what they never before suspected—her intestines were burned up by acids, which she had taken unknown to them, to stop the growing fatness, which reduced her to despair. The young girl died the victim of ridiculous vanity."

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Philadelphia Election.—Alexander Henry (People's Party) was re elected Mayor by a majority of 882. The majorities for the other officers on the same ticket range from 101 to 1,742. The vote contrasts as follows with the vote of the last Presidential election—the largest, until the present election, ever polled.

| | Dem. | Peoples. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1856. President, | 38,222 | 32,028 | 70,250 |
| 1860. Mayor, | 35,776 | 36,658 | 72,434 |

In the Select Council there is a tie; in the Common Council the opposition majority is 12.

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The new planet of Dr. Lescarbault revolves round the sun in 18 of our days. Rather a short year, that!

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☞ An editor noticing the decease of a rich subscriber, observes that "he has died regretted by a numerous circle of friends, and leaving a widow disconsolate as any widow need be who has obtained the uncontrollable possession of twenty thousand dollars per annum. More than twenty young men have sent letters of condolence to her."

☞ A London auctioneer, illustrating the points of an estate which he is about to sell, says in his advertisement:—"There are six hundred acres of cover, and the pheasants, partridges, hares, wild fowl, snipes, and woodcocks, *blacken the air!*"

☞ We hope there will be no question, henceforward, of the benefits of marriage, after this emphatic endorsement of the Institution by the Georgia Temperance Crusader:—"We extend to him (Prather of the Chambers Tribune,) our hearty congratulations, and wish him and his beautiful young bride all the happiness that married life can afford. He hath done well to take unto himself a companion, for editors above all men have so many trials to contend with during the day, that they should have a sweet counsellor to console them when they retire from their sanctum. We advise all editors to marry, and that in the bloom of early manhood, as our young friend Prather has done."

☞ "Time is Money."—This accounts, we suppose, for the profitableness of running slowly on railroads, as on every trip they take up so much time.

☞ An eccentric friend stepped into a store—which shall be nameless—where some "colored brethren" where doing a little trading. "Ah! Mr. ———," said our friend, "you have your cousins in, I see." The young merchant said nothing, but looked mad. Our friend stepped out—but in a few minutes returned, after the sable customers had departed. "I hope you won't take any offence at what I remarked just now," said he. "Oh, no," said the merchant, "I never take offence at anything you say." "Glad of it," replied our quizzer, "the niggers are as mad as the d—l!" And then he sloped, narrowly missing a flying yardstick.

☞ How many a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes and destroys for ever a thousand flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden all his pathway.

☞ In spite of the general unjustifiableness of war, many wars may be conceived, as, for instance, a war to shield a weaker nation from a stronger, as more honorable, and even more religious, also, than a more selfish peace for commercial purposes, with Mammon for its Messiah, and a day-book and ledger for its Bible and prayer-book.

☞ Married.—Married, and at housekeeping! Quite a new era in my life. A pretty, amiable little wife (I have no fancy for tall people) who is all smiles. Why, it is a treat for me to go home; how glad I am when the hour arrives for me to wend my steps homeward. Dear Clara! as Bulwer has so beautifully said, "Thine eyes would call up smiles in deserts." What could have influenced me to remain a bachelor for so long a time? Why, in my opinion, a man is no man at all, nor does he hold a dignified position, until he is married. What a charming home—a perfect paradise!—*Benedict.*

☞ Poor Fallen Austria.—Austria once took for her motto, "Austriæ est imperare Orbi Universo:" "Austria is destined to rule the whole world." Would it not be now truer to say that the whole world rules Austria? Yet who mourns that Austria is crumbling to ruins? Austria represents no great principle, has done no great and generous deeds. Well for the world when Austria is no more, and the whole of the German States are merged in Prussia. There cannot be peace in Europe till Germany becomes a stupendous, colossal unity, awing France and thrusting Russia back.

☞ The celebrated artist who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in the day time.

☞ The saying of a White Mountain stage driver to a New Yorker sitting with him, "I spose if I went to York I should geawk round just as yeou folks deu up here," is not bad.

☞ A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers, to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they "just step down to the Post Office," or "went out to attend a caucus."

☞ In dealing with the very worst characters, we should ever bear in mind Hamlet's princely admonition to Polonius, to use certain poor vagabonds *not* according to *their deserts*, but *according to his own honor and dignity.*

☞ It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

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Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 207—Adults 102, and children 105.

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PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

☞ New Bedford, Mass., August 30, 1858. Mr. Perry Davis:—Sir,—I have used your medicine (called "Pain Killer") in my family, and have found it a very valuable article, and would not be willing to be without it. I was confined to the house last winter with the inflammatory rheumatism, and after trying many other remedies without success, I was advised to try the Pain Killer, and can recommend it as a safe and valuable remedy for the above affliction.

*Respectfully yours,* HENRY BLISS.

Sold by druggists, grocers, and medicine dealers generally.


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## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour are moderate for the season, and the market opened buoyant under the more favorable tenor of the advices from abroad, but with a limited demand both for export and home use, prices have since ruled somewhat unsettled and in favor of the buyers, the sales reaching only about 6000 bbls, in lots, at $6,25 for standard and good straight superfine; $6,40@6,50 for extra, and $6,62½@6,75 for extra family; at the close most holders were free sellers at these rates. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent at from $6,25 up to $6,50@7,50 ℔ bbl for common to choice superfine extra and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is not much inquired for, and 300 bbls sold at $4,25 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal has been more active, and sales of about 3000 bbls are reported at $3,62½ for Pennsylvania Meal, including 1400 bbls Brandywine, on terms not made public.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat was firm in the forepart of the week, but with increased receipts and a moderate milling demand, prices have since ruled unsettled and rather lower; the sales comprise about 25,000 bus, in lots, mostly Pennsylvania, at $1,50@155 for reds, and $1,56@1,73 for common to choice white, as in quality, the latter for southern. Rye has been taken to the extent of about 4000 bus, in lots at 88@90c. Corn comes in slowly, and meets with a *fair* demand at about previous quoted rates. The sales reach 22,000 bus at 75c for prime yellow afloat, and 60@70c for damaged lots. Oats are unchanged, and 12,000 bus found buyers at 44½c for Delaware, and 45@45½c for Pennsylvania afloat. Barley and malt are quiet, and prices are nominally unchanged.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is steady but quiet, and we are only advised of sales of about 600 bbls Pork, mostly Western and city Mess, at $18,25@18,50 ℔ bbl, cash and time. Beef is dull. Bacon meets with a limited demand, part to go South, at 10½c for Sides, 8½c for Shoulders, and 10½@12c for Hams, usual terms. Green Meats sell as wanted at 9½@10c for Hams in salt and pickle, 9½@9½c for Sides, and 7½@7½c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is held firmly, with sales at 11½@11¾c for prime Western in bbls and tcs, and 12@12½c for kegs. Butter is dull, and selling at 14@16c for Roll, packed is quoted at 8@10c ℔ lb. No change in Cheese, and a small business doing at 11@12c. Eggs are lower, and selling at 12c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The foreign news has had little or no effect on prices. The stock of good quality being very much reduced, and the receipts light, buyers have come forward slowly, and purchase only for their immediate wants, and about 750 bales have been disposed of in small lots at from 8½ to 12½@13½c ℔ lb for low grade to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and the market is quiet at previous rates; there is not much arriving, however, and 1st No 1 is offered at $30 ℔ ton, without finding buyers.

BEESWAX is held above the views of buyers, and we hear of no sales to alter quotations, which range at 34@35c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is no new feature in the market for this staple; orders come in slowly, and there is no alteration in prices.

COFFEE—There have been no arrivals this week, and the market is quiet at previous quoted rates; the stock, however, is very much reduced, and some 800 bags have only been disposed of at 14c for Laguayra, and 13½@14c for Rio, on time.

COPPER is unchanged, and a small business doing in both Sheathing and Yellow Metal at quotations.

FEATHERS continue very scarce, and a few small lots only found buyers, at full rates. The demand is limited.

FRUIT—A small business doing in dried fruit within the range of quotations. Peaches continue scarce and high.

HEMP—There is very little doing, and no changes to note in the market.

HIDES are firm but quiet, and we have no further arrivals or sales of foreign to note. City slaughter are in fair demand, and we quote them at 9@10c ℔ lb, the latter for city.

HOPS move off slowly at 12@14c ℔ lb for eastern and western.

IRON—There is very little doing, and the market for most kinds is dull, but without any quotable change to notice; some 4@500 tons anthracite pig metal only have been sold, in lots, at $23 for No. 1, and $22 for No 2, on time. Scotch pig is held above the views of buyers, and we hear of no sales. Blooms and boiler plates are also quiet, and prices the same. In manufactured there is no change, but orders come in slowly.

LEAD is without much alteration, about 2500 pigs Galena have been sold at $5,87½, and 242 pigs Virginia at $5,80 the 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER—Good stock is in fair demand and commands full prices. Other kinds are dull.

LUMBER—There is a fair business doing for the season. Sales comprise White Pine Boards at $14@17; Yellow Sap do $14@16; Lehigh Hemlock do $10,50@$11; Cypress Shingles at $13@$19, as to size, and Laths at $1,80 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is firmly held, but without much movement; some sales of Cuba are reported at 29@33c—the latter for Muscovado, and 47@48c for New Orleans, on the usual terms.

PLASTER is coming in more freely, and further sales have been made at $3,25@3,50 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering, and the market is quiet but steady, the week's sales generally ranging at from $4,50 to $4,75 ℔ bushel for good and prime lots, at which rates there is a moderate demand. Timothy is also quiet and selling on arrival at $3,25@3,50 ℔ bushel. Flaxseed is quoted at $1,60@$1,62 ℔ bushel, and but little offering.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy, and a moderate business doing in the way of sales. Gins are also steady. N. E. Rum is selling as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is rather better, bbls selling to some extent at 22½@23c for western, 21½@22c, for Pa, drudge at 20c, and hhds at 21@21½c.

SUGARS have ruled quiet, but the market is rather firmer at the close, and demand more active. Sales include some 500 hhds at 6½@7½c for Cuba, 6@7½c for New Orleans, and 6½@7½c for Porto Rico, all on time. Refined Sugars are a fraction lower.

TALLOW is selling at 10½ for city rendered. Nothing doing in country.

TOBACCO—Since the late auction sale the market has been very quiet and prices without change.

WOOL—The market has been very inactive, and the sales confined to a few small lots of fleece and pulled within the range of quotations.

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### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. The prices ranged at $10,25 ℔ 100 lbs, but the average price being from $8 to 9,50 and 10 for ordinary, good and prime stock. Sheep—4800 head, all of which were sold at from 5 to 6 and 7c ℔ lb. Cows—175 head sold at from $20 to 50, according to quality and condition. Hogs—1467 head at $7,50@8,20 for swill fed; $8@8,75 for corn fed.

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### NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 8.—FLOUR declined 5c—Sales of 6500 bbls at $5,45@5,50 for State, $5,15@5,25 for Ohio, and $5,40@5,65 for Southern. Wheat dull and nominally lower; white Western $1,58@1,60. Corn advanced; 15,000 bus sold at 77@79c for mixed, 83@84c for white, and 84c for yellow

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## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

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On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Napoleon Boyce Vandegrgrd, to Miss Edith A. Keelee, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the same, Mr. William Elwell, to Miss Amanda Boehm, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, in Bridgeton, N. J. by the Rev. Saml. B. Jones, D. D., Benjamin S. Money, of this city, to Carrie B. daughter of Jos. Reeves, of the former place.

March 26th, by the Rev. Charles Kerner, Mr. Frederick P. Cabe, from Santiago de Cuba, to Miss Gertrude S. Garr, of this city.

On the 21st of July, 1859, by the Rev. John Chambers, Robert B. Morris, to Martha Euthenia, daughter of Richard Watkinson, Esq. of West Philadelphia.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. John S. Kravty, to Miss Hannah A. Peake, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. A. Seiss, D. D., Charles Errington, to Emma M. youngest daughter of Jacob H. Fisler, Esq. both of this city.

On Saturday morning, 28th ultimo, by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood, Joseph Maitland, to Isabella Beresford, both of this city.

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## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

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On the 29th ultimo, Deborah Hambleton, relict of the late Jos. A. Needles, in her 68th year.

On the 30th ultimo, of apoplexy, John, son of the late Rev. John Finley.

At the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, on the 8th ult. Caroline Conrad, wife of Wm. M. Ford, of New York, and daughter of John W. Kelly, of this city, in her 34th year.

On the 30th ultimo, Hannah, the beloved wife of Wm. Whitehead.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr George Walter, aged 42 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Deborah Walker, wife of James Walker, aged 21 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. Catharine Goodwin, aged 75 years.

On the morning of the 28th ultimo, Miss Rebecca Colladay, in her 53d year.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Mary Fontaine, relict of the late Capt. Francis G. Fontaine, aged 66.

On second-day, 30th ultimo, Mary E. daughter of the late Geo. and Hannah M. Green, in her 20th year.

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## THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

| | Bid | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| **LOANS.** | | |
| U S 6 per ct, 1868 | 102 | — |
| " " '67 | 100 | — |
| " " '63 | 100 | — |
| " 5 " coupon '74 | 102½ | — |
| Phila 6 per ct, old | 102 | 102½ |
| " " new | 100½ | 100 |
| " " | 94 | — |
| Pittsburg 6 per ct, | 7 | — |
| " " coupon | 88 | 88 |
| Allegheny City 6 per ct | 95 | 98 |
| " County | 95 | — |
| R R range | 90 | 95 |
| Penn 6 per ct | 99½ | — |
| " " | 99½ | 99½ |
| Penn 6 " | 99½ | 99½ |
| " 5 " coupon | 99½ | — |
| Kentucky 6 per ct | — | 104½ |
| Missouri " | 89½ | — |
| Ohio " 1886 | 99½ | — |
| N Carolina 6 per ct | 99½ | 99½ |
| Virginia " | 97½ | — |
| Ind State 5 per ct | 92 | — |
| Coal State 7 per ct new bonds | 97 | 97 |
| N Y Cit, 6's-5 | 1 a 1½ | |
| **BANK STOCKS, &c.** | | |
| PHILADELPHIA. | | |
| North America | 138½ | 140 |
| Philadelphia | 119 | 120 |
| Far & Mec | — | 120 |
| Commercial | 90 | 100 |
| N Liberty | — | 41 |
| Germantown | 28½ | 29 |
| Southwark | 29 | — |
| P Township | 26 | — |
| Kensington | 40 | — |
| Girard | — | 45 |
| Western | — | 60 |
| Man & Mec | 27 | — |
| Commerce | — | 70 |
| Tradesman's | 82 | — |
| City | 43 | — |
| Consolidation | 25½ | — |
| Commonwealth | 31 | 33½ |
| Corn Exchange | 21½ | — |
| Germantown | — | 46 |
| Pittsburg, Pitts'g | 58 | — |
| Exchange " | 50 | — |
| Kentucky, Ky | 125 | 126 |
| Northern " | 126 | — |
| Louisville " | 125 | — |
| Farmers " | 118 | — |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | 90 | — |
| Planters " | 100 | 105 |
| N O Gas Light | 101 | — |
| Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg | — | 75 |
| Washington Gas Light Co | 120 | — |
| Lehigh Zinc | 7 | 11 |
| New Creek | — | 7 |
| New Granada | — | 7 |
| N America Trust Co | 47 | 50 |
| N Liberties Gas | 50 | — |
| Southwark Gas | — | — |
| Frankford R R | 42½ | 44 |
| Penna | 60 | — |

| | Bid | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| **RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.** | | |
| Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds | 102 | 102½ |
| 2nd " | 92 | 93½ |
| stock | 57½ | 57½ |
| Cam & Amboy 6 per ct bonds, 1854 | — | 98 |
| stock | — | 122½ |
| Reading R R 6 per ct bonds, '70 | — | 90 |
| mort 6's '44 | — | — |
| " '70 | 71½ | 72 |
| stock 21 44 .00 | | 25½ |
| Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 per ct | 91½ | 92 |
| stock | 45 | — |
| Phila, Wil & Balt stock | 37½ | 40 |
| 6 per ct loan, '60 | 95½ | — |
| Ches Val R R, '79 | 90½ | — |
| Tioga R R '85 | — | 85 |
| Wil'ms & Elmira 1st mort | 56 | 58 |
| 2nd " | 10 | — |
| stock | 9 | 11 |
| Catawissa | 4 | 5 |
| Beaver Meadow stock | 60½ | — |
| preferred 10 per ct | 58 | — |
| North Penn'a R stock | 9 | 9½ |
| 6 per ct loan | 68 | 68½ |
| Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off | 41 | 42 |
| 6 per ct loan | 97 | 102 |
| Minehill R R | 56½ | — |
| Har & Lan R R stock | 55½ | 56 |
| bonds '85 | 90 | — |
| L. Schuylkill R R stock | 13 | 15 |
| Long Island R R stock | 11½ | 11½ |
| bonds | 93 | 93 |
| Erie R R stock | — | — |
| Hudson River R R | — | — |
| N Y Central | 80½ | — |
| Michigan Central | 47½ | 48½ |
| Illinois | 89½ | — |
| Michigan Southern | 170 | — |
| **CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.** | | |
| Sch'l Nav 6 per ct loan, '32 | 74½ | 74½ |
| stmp. 6 per ct | 80 | — |
| stock | — | 31 |
| preferred | 34½ | 35 |
| Lehigh Nav stock | 63½ | 63½ |
| mort 6 per ct | 100 | 101 |
| scrip | 32 | 33 |
| Morris Canal'd | 50½ | — |
| preferred | 118 | — |
| Ches & Del | 46 | — |
| bonds | 99 | — |
| Union | 1 | — |
| bonds | — | 50 |
| Ches & Tidewater | 30 | 4 |
| bonds, '97 | 80½ | — |

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## BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, May 5, 1860.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Pennsylvania.** | | **South Carolina.** | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | ¼ dis |
| **New Jersey.** | | **Alabama.** | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 to 2½ dis |
| **Delaware.** | | **Mississippi.** | |
| Solv bks | par to ½ dis | All bks | uncertain |
| **Maryland.** | | **Louisiana.** | |
| Baltimore | par to ½ dis | Solv bks | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | **Ohio.** | |
| **New York.** | | Solv bks | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Sol bks | par to ½ dis | **Kentucky.** | |
| **Maine.** | | Solv bks | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | **Indiana.** | |
| **New Hampshire.** | | State bank | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | **Illinois.** | |
| **Vermont** | | Solv bks | ½ dis |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | **Missouri.** | |
| **Connecticut.** | | Solv bks | 2 dis |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | **Tennessee.** | |
| **Massachusetts.** | | Old bks | 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | **Michigan.** | |
| **Rhode Island.** | | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | **Wisconsin** | |
| **Virginia.** | | Solv bks | 3 dis |
| Solv bks | ½ to 1 dis | **Texas.** | |
| **Dist. of Columbia.** | | Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston | — dis |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | **Canada** | |
| **North Carolina.** | | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Solv bks | ½ to 1½ dis | | |
| **Georgia.** | | | |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | | |

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She sings the following Songs at each Levee.

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2. WHEN I WAS SINGLE.
3. THE EVENING STAR.
4. MY GRANDMA'S ADVICE.
5. I'M SIXTY-TWO.
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LONDON CLUB SAUCE.

This celebrated European Sauce, lately introduced into this country by Parker Brothers, London, and now being

# Wit and Humor.

YANKEE QUESTIONING YANKEE.

The other day we came across the following conversation between two Yankees on the Erie Canal, which is not much of an exaggeration after all. The Yankees are some on cross questions.

"Well, now, which way may you be traveling?"

"I calculate this canal runs pretty nearly west."

"Are you going far with it?"

"Well, now, I don't rightly know how many miles it may be."

"I expect you are from New York?"

"Sure enough, I have been in New York often and often."

"I calculate, then, 'tis not there as you stop?"

"Business must be minded in stopping and in stirring."

"You may say that. Well, I look then you will be making for the Springs?"

"Folks say that all the world is making for the Springs, and I guess a good sight of them is."

"Do you calculate upon stopping long when you get to your journey's end?"

"'Tis my business must settle that."

"I guess that's true, too; but you'll be for making pleasure a business once, I calculate?"

"My business don't often lie in that line."

"Then, may 'be, it is not the Springs as takes you this line?"

"The Springs is a right elegant place, I reckon."

"It is your health, I calculate, as makes you break your good rules?"

"My health don't trouble me much, I rather guess."

"No! Why, that's well. How is the market, sir? Are breadstuffs up?"

"I ain't just capable to say."

"A deal of money's made by just looking after the article at the fountain's head."

"You may say that."

"Do you look to be making great dealings in produce up the country?"

"Why, that I expect, is difficult to know."

"I calculate you'll find the markets changeable these times."

"No, markets beant very long without changing."

"Why that's right down true. What be you're biggest article of produce?"

"I calculate, generally—that's the biggest as I makes most by."

"You may say that. But what do you chiefly call your most particular branch?"

"Why, that's what I can't justly say."

NOT INCORPORATED.—A citizen of Memphis, Tennessee, has just returned from a trip to Arkansas, and tells the following, which will serve to convey an idea of how they do up matters in that State. Having occasion to stop at a small town on the river, he was compelled to remain over Sunday. After the usual cogitations incident to a Sabbath morning, he strolled through the only street in the place, and halted at the "grocery," around which a crowd of a dozen people were congregated. He remained there three hours, and in that time one man was shot and fatally wounded, and two others seriously stabbed in three separate fights. From a fighting country himself, our friend's equanimity was not seriously disturbed, but he was rather surprised that, after the affrays were over, the perpetrators of the shooting and stabbing should resume their previous occupation with seeming unconcern. Turning to an acquaintance, he inquired: "Don't you arrest anybody here? "Oh, no!" was the answer, "*we ain't incorporated yet!*"

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—An exchange relates the following, which we regard as a slander upon the "Knobbers:"

"In Kentucky, way up among the 'knobbs,' there is a region so rocky and rough that the people do most of their hauling on a sort of sled; or, at best, can only use a frame mounted on long wide trucks sawed from a log. Lately a traveller, with a phaeton having very small wheels in front that turned under the carriage, by missing his road, got into this wild country. Making the best of his way through it, he was surprised to find that he was followed by a crowd of boys who kept their eyes intently fixed on the running gear of the vehicle. The silence they maintained, and the perseverance they manifested in dogging the traveller, somewhat alarmed him; and stopping his horse, he inquired why they were following him. The leader of the boys, an overgrown fellow, about seven feet high, replied: "Why, dog-on-it, Mister, we wanted to see how far you'd get before your big wheels cotched the little ones?"

A WISE PRECAUTION.—A man travelling, entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself, and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly, he asked Sambo if he was dry? Sambo said he was. Stranger told him to go to the bar, and take something at his expense. Negro did so, and shortly left. Landlord says to the stranger—

"Are you acquainted with that nigger?"

"No, never saw him before; but why do you ask?"

"I suppose so from your conversing with him, and asking him to drink."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I was experimenting. The fact is, I was dry too, and I thought if your liquor didn't kill the negro in fifteen minutes, I would venture to take a drink myself."

Landlord's curiosity was fully satisfied.

CIDER CHAMPAGNE.—They tell a funny story of Charles Heidsiek in connection with humbug Jersey champagne. He was dining at Delmonico's, in New York, and some one "gave him a bottle of his own wine to test his nice taste," when he at once said he recognised the taste, declared, smacking his lips, "it was his own champagne, and came from a particular building and vat which he named, at Rheims." Great would have been his surprise and chagrin to learn that it was nothing but Newark cider, with carbonic acid pumped into it! but the friend who had played the joke did not tell him of it.

TOO GREAT A TEMPTATION.—An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head, bulging out of the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillelah—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction.

"Ooh! Nicholas," said they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?"

"Truth, did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convaniant, I could not have helped myself."

THE NEGRO PATIENT.—"Julius, is you better dis morning?"

"No. I was better yesterday, but I'se got ober dat?"

"Am dere no hopes of your discovery?"

"Discovery of what?"

"Your discovery from the convalescence what am fetching you on your back."

"Dat depends, sah, altogeddah on the prognostification which implifies the disease; should dey continuate fatually, de doctor tinks I'se a goner. Should dey not continuate fatually, he hopes dis cullud indiwidual won't die dis time. But, as I said afore, dat all depends on de prognostics, and till dese come to a head, dere am no tellin whedder dis pusson will come to a discontinuation or odderwise."

## THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's failings; not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility or a folly; we must see and feel them; if we do neither they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need of forbearance; but to throw the mantle of affection round them, concealing them from each other's eyes, to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good tempered forbearance because it is the way of mitigating the present evil, always with a view of ultimate amendment. Surely it is not the perfection, but the imperfection, of human character that makes the strongest claim in love. All the world must approve, even enemies must admire the good and the estimable in human nature. If husband and wife estimate only that in each which all must be constrained to value, what do they more than others? Is it infirmities of character, imperfections of nature that called for the pitying sympathy, the tender compassion that makes each the comforter, the monitor of the other? Forbearance helps each to obtain command over themselves. Few are the creatures so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence, a calm forbearance. Married persons should be pre-eminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship. The forbearance here contended for is not weak and wicked indulgence of each other's faults, but such a calm, tender observance of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest methods of pointing them out in the full confidence of affection.

## CHARLES THE SECOND.

In its review of John Forster's *Arrest of the Five Members by Charles the First*, the London *Athenæum* has a pleasant passage relative to that fascinating gentleman Charles the Second:

Every one who has been properly brought up, is familiar, on the stage and in the picture-galleries, with the ideal image of the Merrie Monarch. A bright young gentleman he is—a young Apollo, blithe and debonair—with a rosy cheek and a laughing eye, a fall of loose brown curls round his gracelessly graceful brow, a gay and bounding step, an inconceivable passion for pranks and pretty girls, roystering, reckless, generous; ready, in his warmth of heart, to help, a fellow in distress with his purse, as he is to comfort the landlord's buxom daughter with a kiss. This popular version may be seen any week at the Adelphi, any May on the walls in Trafalgar square. Another figure, somewhat more close to nature and the books, is that of a dark old man, bald and bewigged, eyes black with debauchery, face sallow, saturnine and pinched, a man hobbling to the grave in the midst of a rout of gamesters and courtesans, who wrangle with each other and play false to him, a King ready to sell his country to its enemies, and give up his religion for a bribe,—a Prince to whom no man was ever attached—and no woman ever true.

FLIRTATIONS OF MARRIED WOMEN.—The innocent flirtations of married women is one of the abominations of modern society. Even a desire for promiscuous admiration is wrong in a wife. The love of one and his approval should be all that she ought to desire. Let her be ever so beautiful, it is a disgusting and appalling sight to see her decorating that beauty for public gaze; to see her seeking the attention of senseless fops around, and rejoicing in the admiration of other eyes than those of her husband. Her beauty should be for him alone, and not for the gaze of the fools that flutter around her. There is always among the sedate and wise sensation of disgust when a married lady attempts to ensnare or entrap young men by a profuse display of her charms, or an unlicensed outlay of her smiles. Such charms and such smiles are loathsome to the indifferent beholder; and the trail of the serpent is over them.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ A lady of fashion, upon being told that one of her six-footed Jenkinses had been married the previous day to her lady's-maid, at the aristocratic church in Hanover square, was so scandalized, that, forgetting her position, her English, her placidity, and all the other proprieties of life, she exclaimed most bitterly—"It's too bad, I declare, to turn St. Georges' in this way into a LOW-MENIAL ALTAR!"

☞ Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

BOY (TO DISTINGUISHED VOLUNTEER).—"Now, capting! clean yer boots, and let yer 'ave a shot at me for a penny!"

AARON BURR.—The following was communicated to the New York Observer by a lady, who is "a descendant with Col. Burr of a common ancestor:"

"Col. Burr spent a week at my father's after he was seventy, and my impression of him and of all he said and did, is very vivid. He was a hater of all mankind, a trifler with all womankind, and violated all the rites of hospitality in the license of his behavior. Parton's book is a tissue of lies, as far as family matters are related, and oh! how evil in its influence upon young men. My father used to say that Burr's killing Hamilton was the least of his crimes.

"Mr. Edwards found that Burr was continually annoyed when he lived in Nassau street, by a set of miserable beings, who pretended to have claims upon his charity. One morning there were eighteen or twenty, each telling the story of his or her wrongs. The larger part were women."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Some of our readers may recollect a thrilling ballad which was written on the death of a woman who perished in the snow drifts of the mountains. That mother bore an infant on her bosom, and when the storm waxed loud and furious, true to a mother's love, she rent her own garment, and wrapped them around her babe. The morning found her a corpse, but her babe survived. That babe grew to manhood. How thrilling must be his thoughts of that mother. How many a mother is there who would die for her son. Let sons, when far away from home, on the land or sea, when the eye of no mother is upon them, remember her love, and be restrained by it from entering the path of vice. Let them say nothing, do nothing, which a mother would not approve, and they never will bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

TOBACCO.—The pupils of the Polytechnic School in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that college into two groups, the smokers and the non-smokers, it shows that the smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke were found to enjoy a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

A MODEL HUSBAND.—Hear what Saxe says of a model husband:—

I saw a model husband in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem;
A moral man, to skeptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherished was—his own;
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate
While Jane put on her *things*; nor speak one sour
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He *didn't swear* to find a button gone.

# Agricultural.

WORMS IN GRASS PLOTS.—As the following most effectual method of destroying these pests of the lawn may not be generally known, I send you the *modus operandi*:—Get some unslacked lime, and mix with water in a large tub or other vessel the proportions to be used—about a bushel to four gallons; allow the whole to stand for at least twenty-four hours to get perfectly clear, and then, in the cool of the evening, water the plot with it, using a garden watering pot with rose top. The effect is magical, for in less than two minutes every worm will be writhing on the surface, and can be picked off. No injury whatever can occur to the grass or even seeds, unless the lawn is watered in the heat of the day.—*London Field.*

NEW MODE OF RAISING STRAWBERRIES.—Will those who have tried for their strawberries forest manure from the pine, saw dust, or tan, try laying slabs, or any kind of wood that will not spring, between the rows. Beds may be made 6 or 8 feet broad, the slabs cut long enough to reach across the beds. I think they will find the fruit freer from dust, the runners more easily cut, (if they wish to take them off,) less weeds, and the ground to remain moister during summer.—*New England Farmer.*

TO MANAGE BOX EDGING.—Few people, except professed gardeners, know how this handsome border ornament ought to be planted. It is usually stuck in a few inches deep, and left straggling on top of the ground, with three or four times as much *top* and three or four times less *bottom* than it ought to have. Box grows nearly as well from the branches as the roots, and we think makes prettier edging. But the trench in which the edging is to be planted should be full spade deep on the border side, being a few inches shallower on the alley side—the soil should be made fine—and the box inserted to the bottom of the trench, packed in tightly with soil, leaving only from one and a half to two inches out of the ground. There will be no danger of it not growing, or of not producing full foliage *at the ground*. Of course no one would think of planting box without a *line*.

Trimming box edging is rarely performed either skillfully or judiciously. Instead of cutting off the top squarely, and below the preceding year's growth, let it be pruned at an angle, like the letter A, taking care not to cut below the new growth, and you will through the whole season have a beautifully green, thrifty edging, which your friends will admire, and of which you will be a little proud.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

COTTON SEED MEAL.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, one of our best agricultural exchanges, writes:

I have been using the above, for cows that gave milk, through the winter and thus far in the spring, viz: one farrow cow and two that are coming in some time in May, which I have before let go dry through the winter, but see no prospect of their being dry as long as I feed three pints of cotton seed meal to each per day. I took six bushels of oats, three of corn, and two of rye—had them ground together, trying that first, three pints each per day, which increased the quantity, but by putting into the feed three pints of cotton seed meal it nearly doubled the quantity, besides adding materially to the quality, six quarts making one pound of good sweet butter. Cows doing better as it regards flesh, than I have ever had them. Begin with a little in bran or any feed you use, as they do not like it at first, but will soon be very fond of it, stirring it in cold water. I intend trying it with calves by scalding it, and have no doubt the effect will be advantageous. I say to brother farmers, try it till higher than $1,75 per cwt.

BENEFIT OF DEEP PLOUGHING.—A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer, gives the following as the result of his experience in the cultivation of corn by deep ploughing. He says: "I have seen in some of the back numbers of the Farmer, communications from some of your correspondents in regard to deep ploughing. They seem to think it is injurious; at least not beneficial. I will give my experience in regard to the matter. Some eight years ago, when I purchased the farm I live on, although it was a good corn year, I do not think it would have averaged more than 25 bushels per acre. When I came in possession of it, I took my plough, and with two stout horses, and sometimes three, I commenced turning up the soil from nine to ten inches deep. And although I could see from the actions of some of my neighbors, they thought if I did not come on the town I would ruin my farm—yet I still persevered, and on the same ground where there was 25 bushels of corn per acre when I purchased it, I have raised without any manure, (although I do not disbelieve in manuring,) one hundred and twenty bushels per acre. This is my experience in deep ploughing.

NUMBER OF HENS TO KEEP, AND TIME TO SELL.—A correspondent of the Illinois Prairie Farmer says:—"We have kept as many as one hundred and fifty fowls, and fed them three pecks of shelled corn daily. But our experience has been, that we could get more than half as many eggs from twenty-five fowls as we could from one hundred. We have carried chicks the size of quails to market, and found them ready sale at twenty-five cents each. We might have fed them four months longer, and found them dull sale at a dime apiece."

HEAVES IN HORSES.—The Farmer and Gardener gives the following as a cure for heaves in horses:—Take smart-weed: still it in boiling water till the strength is all out; give one quart every day, mixed with bran or shorts, for eight or ten days. Give green or cut up feed, wet up with water, during the operation, and it will cure.

DESTROYING THE PLANTAIN.—My wife wants me to inquire of you how to destroy the plantain, which is taking the place of the clover, timothy, and blue grass, in our door-yard and lawns. It increased last year very much. C. G. T. [It is destroyed in three ways—by cutting off the root below the crown with a narrow tool; by dropping a few drops of oil of vitriol on the crown of each growing plant; or by spading deep and reseeding at the rate of two bushels of grass seed per acre, very early in spring. The new grass will make a new green carpet in two months.]—*Country Gentleman.*

PEA-NUTS.—The pea-nuts may be sown in Virginia and more south, from April to May, and more north or west one month later; it is necessary to have the ground ploughed, and drills made one foot broad and the hills six inches high, all parallel. It is on the top of these hills that the pea-nut seeds are put from one to two inches deep and from six to eight inches apart. When the plant begins to grow they are hoed and hilled—this operation is renewed when the seed is formed, and would be injurious in the time of blossoming; the ground must be kept clear of weeds.

VALUE OF A LOAD OF HAY.—I send you a method by which, with but little time and trouble, any one can tell what their load of hay or straw amounts to, by simply taking the weight multiplied by half the price per ton—for example, say 3,300 lbs. hay at $16 per ton—3,300 lbs. multiplied by half of 16, which is 9, gives the amount—so too with fractions. You may know this, but I can find any amount of men that never heard it.—F. RUFFNER, in *Country Gentleman.*

# Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE LAMP OIL FROM MARBLE.—It is difficult to remove lamp oil from white marble after it has become dry. Strong soap-suds and alcohol will remove some of it from the surface—but if the oil has been colored, the stain is liable to remain. Another method is sometimes effectual, viz.: take some soapstone dust and place it on the top of the oil stain, then lay a sheet of blotting-paper over it, and on the top of this a warm flat-iron—not too hot. Allow the iron to remain until it is cool; heat it again and do the same two or three times, when the heat will penetrate to the marble and warm the oil, which will then be absorbed by the dust.

TO COOK A HUSBAND.—Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking; some women go about it as if they were bladders and blow them up; others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coolness; some smother them in hatred, contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if managed in this way; but, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of faithfulness, (which all good wives keep on hand,) place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love, let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear, but above all, let the heat be constant. Cover him with affection, kindness and subjection, garnished with modest, becoming familiarity, and spiced with pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confectioneries, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We would advise all good wives to try this recipe, and realize what an admirable dish a husband makes when properly cooked.

HOW TO MAKE PIE-MELON PIES.—To make a good Pie-Melon pie, we take, instead of vinegar, dried pie-plant, and boil it by itself. Then boil the melon and let it drain in a colander until all the juice is out, after which boil the pie plant and melon together a few minutes, and you will have a pie equal to one made of apples.

The apple pie melon makes beautiful preserves which are far superior to the citron.

FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter—heat together sufficiently to melt the butter—two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, one coffeecupful of raisins, (with or without currants,) citron; then add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water; one cup of sour milk or buttermilk, and one quart of flour; bake an hour.

TO CURE ASTHMA.—We see a receipt for the cure of asthma, which, as it cannot possibly do harm, but may do good, we publish:—Take garlic two ounces, bruise well, and add vinegar one pint: put on the fire till it boils, and then simmer gently for twenty minutes, by which time it should have wasted one-third, then add to the liquor, after straining, honey, six ounces, stir till well mixed; heat it again, and let it simmer very gently about five minutes, without stirring. A scum will form which is then to be removed; put the clear liquor into a jar or a wide mouthed bottle, cover it with paper with holes pricked in it; let it stand four days in a warm cupboard, it will slowly ferment; then take a dessert spoonful, fasting, every morning till it is all gone; then make half the quantity as above, and take a dessert spoonful, fasting, once a week till it is all gone and the cure will be permanent.

☞ Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent.—*Landor.*

☞ "How did you like your visit to your sweetheart?" "Oh, I didn't like the *footing* with which I was received by her father."

☞ The question is often discussed, whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

☞ Suwarrow, the great Russian general, even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. "When I was lazy," he said, "and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually *took off one spur.*"

☞ Poor paymasters should learn wisdom from the mosquito, who always settles his bill the moment he finds you.

# The Riddler.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 2, 5, 2, 17, 18, 2, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 15, 10, 8, 5, 14, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 18, 7, 9, 9, 7, 6, 7, 11, 11, 10, 14, is a city in Florida.
My 11, 7, 4, 18, 10, 14, is a river in South Carolina.
My 11, 7, 5, 8, 7, 13, 14, 17, 18, 16, is a city in California.
My 1, 16, 3, 17, 11, 2, 4, is a county in Illinois.
My 18, 13, 10, 4, 18, 2, 17, is a city in New Jersey.
My 12, 8, 10, 4, 5, 6, is a Nation in Europe.
My 5, 7, 8, 7, 5, 5, 11, is a city in South America.
My 18, 6, 7, 15, 10, 11, is a river in England.
My 12, 9, 2, 8, 10, 4, 5, 14, is a city in Italy.
My 7, 18, 6, 14, 17, 11, is a city in Greece.
My whole is the name of an American explorer.

Ellenboro', Va. J. M. WOOD.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 4, 20, 2, is what many have to pay.
My 8, 15, 12, 17, is a tropical fruit.
My 13, 14, 7, 8, is a part of the body.
My 16, 9, 10, 21, 14, is a useful animal.
My 5, 17, 10, 2, 21, was the goddess of agriculture.
My 12, 13, 19, 18, 17, 21, is a river in England.
My 5, 7, 12, is a domestic animal.
My 9, 13, 6, 11, is one of the United States.
My 4, 10, 9, 20, is the most useful of metals.
My 5, 14, 3, 6, 15, is the name of a female.
My whole was a celebrated English poetess.

South Amboy, N. J.

## RIDDLE.

To me maids frequent visits make,
And always come for gatting's sake;
And unless I demands can pay,
They discontented go away.
When they arrive with their demand,
They duly take me by the hand,
Nor quit it till I promise fair
To grant the amount for which they care.
A great esteem, one well may see,
They have for all that comes from me;
They take it home to their embrace,
And let it kiss their pretty face;
And 'tis, they candidly allow,
The best cosmetic that they know.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an animal sly and fleet,
So sly 'tis seldom seen,—
So fleet that few, I ween,
Have seen a horse it could not beat.

In olden times, when king and knight
Wished to be bold and brave,
To my second much time they gave,
For 'twas a source of much delight.

In winter drear, when cold winds blow,
And ice is on the creek,
Men for my first oft seek,
So that they to my whole can go.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

## ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

| | |
|---|---|
| No, he and Tumbler. | Mr. Noah Nott. |
| To our M. N. | Go to Mary, H. N. |
| Moly C. Gin. | Be on, Neal. |
| Maria C. B. | To Pert. |

New Texas. J. J. W.

## MENTAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man expended equal sums of money for cows, hogs, and sheep. For a hog, he paid as many dollars as there were hogs; for a sheep, he paid one-third as much as for a hog; and for a cow, nine times as much as for a sheep. If he had bought (at the same rates) one-half as many sheep, one-third as many hogs, and one-fourth as many cows, he would have expended $276 less than he did expend. How many of each did he buy?

Venice, Washington Co., Pa. Y. L. M.

## MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wishing to measure a piece of land in the shape of a right-angled triangle, I commenced at the Eastern acute angle, and proceeded to measure the base side; but when I had measured 51 perches of that side, I found I could go no farther in that direction, because of an impenetrable thicket. I therefore struck off and measured directly to the Western or other acute angle, and found that distance to be 261 perches. On arriving at the Western angle I commenced measuring the perpendicular side; but when I had measured 52 perches of it I found my progress impeded by a deep swamp, so I struck off again, and measured directly back to the Eastern angle or starting point, and found that distance to be 272 perches. From these data, I would like to ascertain the area of this tract.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why do the Indians call their home a *wig*-wam? Ans.—Because it is there where they keep their *scalps?*

☞ On a frosty day, what two fish ought we to tie together? Ans.—*Skates* and *soles.*

☞ Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggars? Ans.—Because they live by *hook* or by *crook.*

☞ What is the difference between one who walks and one who looks up a flight of stairs? Ans.—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

☞ Why should any one afflicted with defective legs turn clergyman? Ans.—Because he would cease to be a layman (*lame 'un*).

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Stephen A. Douglass. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Business is the salt of life. RIDDLE—Hail. RIDDLE—A wedding ring. OMISSION—Elder.